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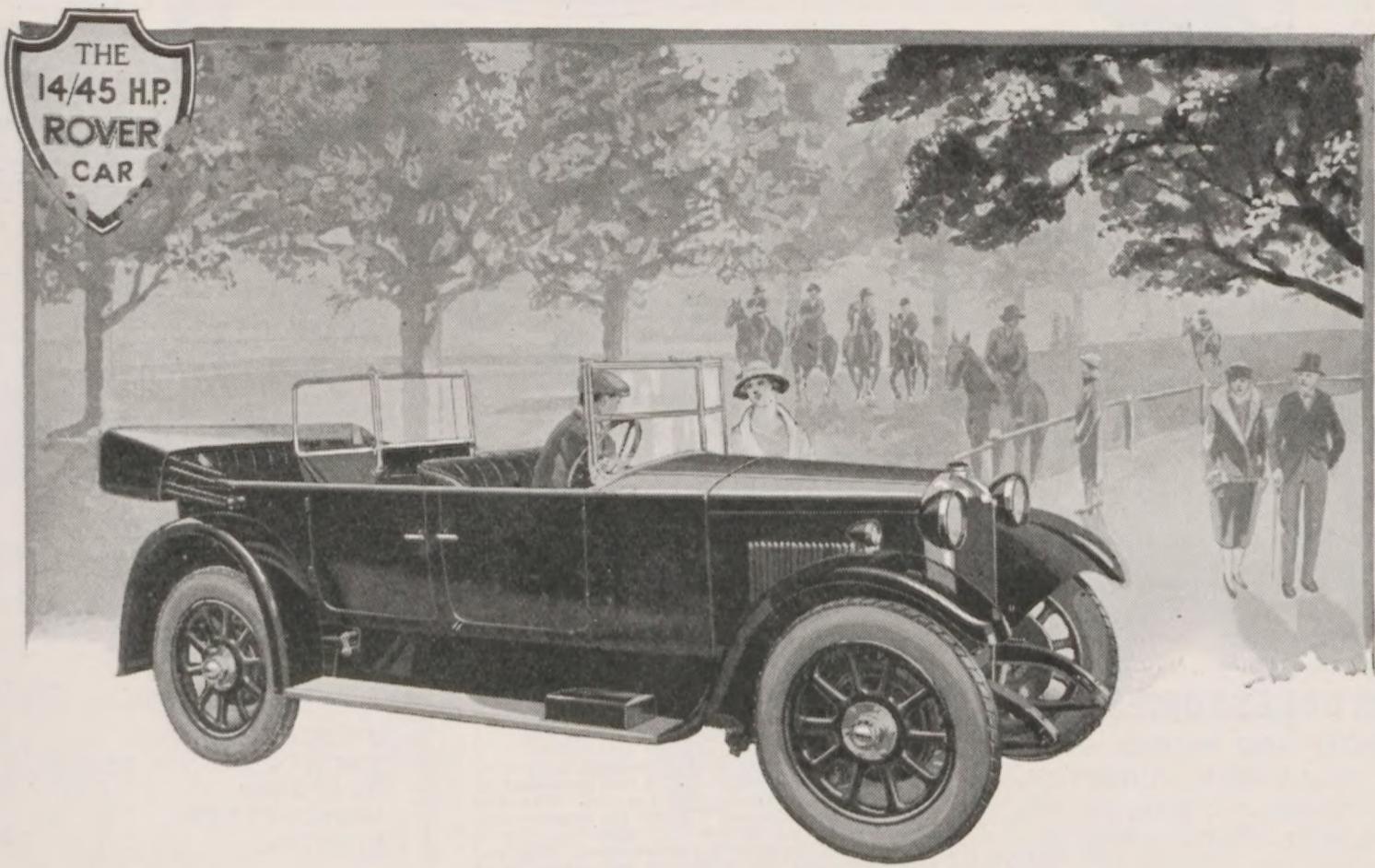
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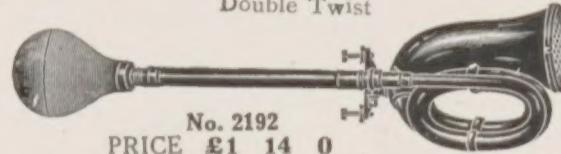
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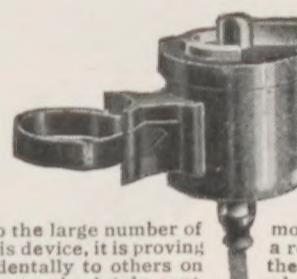


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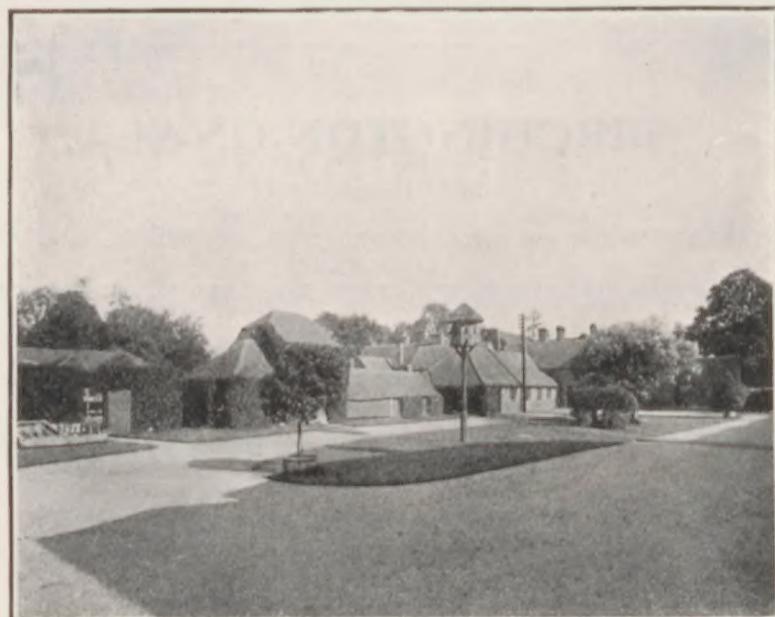
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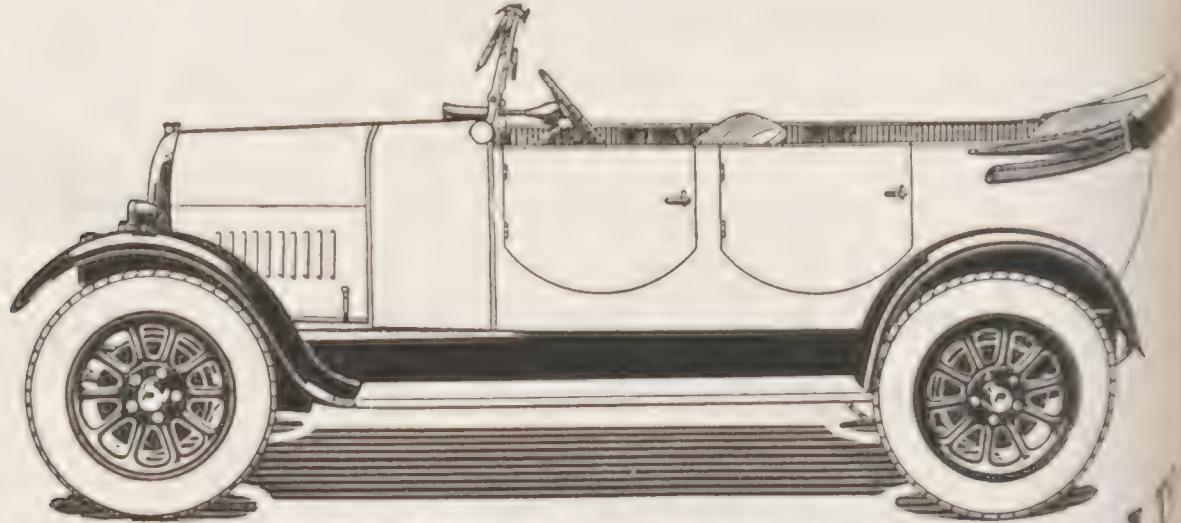
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MARCH  
1925



VOL. VI  
NO. 70

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The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

OLD TEMPLE BAR, BANISHED BY MODERN IMPROVEMENTS TO THEOBALD'S PARK.



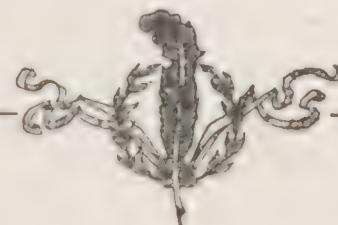
"While poring antiquarians search the ground,  
Upturned with curious pains, the Bard a Seer,  
Takes fire. The men that have been reappear."



## AN EXPERIMENTAL ROAD.

## SEEN THROUGH THE SCREEN.

*"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.*



## A Motoring Idyll.

IT is always pleasing to be able to record an instance of self-abnegation in this cold, hard world. The opening scene of the incident which calls forth this encomium is laid on the open road.

In its leading characteristics there is no novelty. It is just a modern "hold-up," with Law and Order as the highwaymen, and a motorist as the victim, who, at a later period, will probably be called upon to "stand and deliver" his pelf.

At the moment, however, the proceedings have only reached the stage of an entry of the delinquent's licence particulars in the book of judgment—*except the constable's note-book.*

"Fifty per hour," announces one minion of the law, reproachfully.

"We shall have to prosecute, sir," supplements the other, striving unsuccessfully, to blend a sense of satisfaction with a due measure of regret.

It is at this juncture that the sinning motorist rises to the heights of self-sacrifice.

"Here!" he exclaims magnanimously, "what's the use of taking the case into court? I'll give you the car I beg to say no more about it!"

I beg to be excused from discussing the ethical considerations involved in this proposal. Perhaps the car was a year old's model, and its owner had kindly contrasted its secondhand value with the probable fine for his offence. Perhaps—but no, let us keep to a high moral plane, and assume that the offer was made out of pure kindness of heart. There is something very ennobling in this picture of the noble car-owner turning the other cheek to his persecutors—I absolutely beg to shatter the idyll.

The offer is declined. Why? Parton me. Again I must confine my pen to bald statement without deductions. You will discover the reason in the sequel.

In due course the motorist appears in court to answer for his misdeeds. The officers of the law give their evi-

dence, finishing by stating the offer which had been made to them.

"Did you accept the car?" asked the magistrate's clerk.

"No; there was a woman in the back seat," explains the testifying constable.

Now that is the plain unvarnished story; and it is no figment of imagination designed to catch your sympathetic eye, but the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—at least, it came out in evidence at a Police Court.

## An Experimental Road.

A Bill is shortly to be introduced in the House of Commons, by the Minister of Transport, which is of great interest to car-owners, and indeed, to all users of the King's Highway.

The object of the Bill is to obtain power to make an experimental track running parallel to a main road.

Traffic will be diverted from the highway to run along this test road, and a record will be kept of the various vehicles using it.

After the track has been in use for a period sufficient to test its capabilities, it will be closed and remade with another type of material.

The general idea is to obtain data, under ordinary traffic conditions, with regard to the durability, skidding tendencies, and other road problems as applied to various repairing materials.

## An Industry in Pictures.

"British Achievement"—A good label for a fine film, a good epitome with which to sum up a great industrial undertaking.

That was the thought which came to one's mind when the lights went up after the last picture of the Dunlop film had passed from the screen.

In somewhere about 40 minutes we had been carried, pictorially, through all the processes which go to make up that finished world-famed product—the Dunlop tyre.

We had seen the raw material being

gathered from Egyptian cotton fields and Malayan rubber plantations. We had witnessed its transmission to Fort Dunlop, and to Birmingham, Rochdale, and Coventry. We had observed the skill with which Dunlop workers—there are 28,000 of them—manipulate that raw material; the weaving, the spinning, the milling, the vulcanising, the moulding, the testing, together with the hundred and one other necessary minor operations.

What a revelation of painstaking endeavour. How much work is involved in that simple-looking miracle of efficiency. What a wealth of care is devoted to each individual tyre.

And we had also seen that the vast organisation which achieves the tyres, wheels, and rims, is also mindful of the social welfare of its employees. The picture shows the model town which houses them, the playing field with its tennis and cricket facilities, and the gardens which provide them with fruit and vegetables.

A film such as "British Achievement" attains a twofold object. It not only affords amusement and instruction, but also inspires renewed confidence in the future business capabilities of the country. Efficiency and success are catching. The commercial depression through which we are passing must be only temporary. There is blue sky beyond the clouds!

## The Elusive Copper.

There is a considerable amount of discontent amongst garage proprietors who are located outside the London zone as laid down by the chief petrol distributing companies.

This is occasioned by the fact that their receipts are diminishing, whilst those of their rivals within the metropolitan area are correspondingly increasing, the difference being caused by the penny less a gallon charged for petrol in the urban zone.

In these days, when even the humble copper has to come within the scope of necessary economy, it is not to be wondered at that motorists who can

A MERRY MIXTURE PLUS PLOT.

fill up at the cheaper price should do so. The result is that the owner living just beyond the border line crosses it to obtain his supply. And the one who is travelling beyond, so manages his stock that he can also replenish it from the cheap sources.

The line of demarcation defining the London zone runs from Worthing, on the south coast, through Guildford, Reading, Aylesbury, Dunstable, Bishop's Stortford, to Burnham-on-Crouch on the east coast. That is to say, it includes the area between the metropolis and the towns mentioned.

There is a rumour that an agitation is to be started having for its object a reversal to the old flat rate for petrol. As a motorist living in the favoured area, I sorrow for my brother who is burdened by the extra penny; but I do trust that any alteration will not mean that both he and I will be called upon to pay it.

**Merry Mixture plus Plot.**

Of late a most commendable practice has arisen which dictates that the "book" of Musical Comedy shall be furnished with some semblance of a dramatic plot, in place of the vapid inanities which have hitherto done duty.

This comparatively modern tendency was especially marked in the new production *Katja* when it made its successful bow at the Gaiety Theatre.

Postponing, for the moment, impressions as to the music and its interpreters, space shall be found for the framework of the plot.

It concerns one Katja, now a dancer, but formerly a Countess, who has been forced into exile by the machinations of a Prince Carl. Her dancing partner, Ivo, is also a fallen aristocrat of the same nationality. Maddened by his wrongs, he incites Katja to make the Prince fall in love with her, with the ultimate object that she shall be in a position to poison him.

Katja agrees to the scheme, but fails in its execution owing to the fact that she falls in love with the suggested victim. Need it be added that Prince Carl exchanges the prospect of an early death for what should be a life-long, if most pleasant, sentence, to wit—Holy Matrimony.

In the instance under discussion, Katja elects to cover the connubial fetters with the appropriate protective velvet.

Here we have a plot which, though not strikingly original, gives scope for strong dramatic acting, more



*A delightful picture in the Lake District.*

especially where the character of Katja is concerned. And Miss Lilian Davies—yes, the merry light-hearted "Polly" of a few months ago—seizes the opportunity with both hands. The passionate power and abandon she throws into the part is a revelation of "concealed force," for which, frankly, one had not given her credit, remembering only her past achievements in lighter rôles. And her acting is matched by her magnificent voice.



*The new Willys-Knight touring car in picturesque surroundings—the beautiful wood at Princes Risborough.*

Messrs. Frederick Lonsdale and Harry Graham, the authors, together with Jean Gilbert, the composer, earn congratulation, not only for the excellence of their work, but also for the exponents who interpret it.

The triumph of Miss Lilian Davies is shared by her fellow-members of a brilliant cast, amongst whom are Miss Ivy Tresmand and Mr. Gene Gerrard. Their duets "When We are Married," and "Leander" will be whistled and sung by all and sundry by the time these lines are in print.

Mr. Gregory Stroud, as "Prince Carl," is most able as actor and strong as singer. His share of the charming waltz-duet with Katja, "Those Eyes so Tender," was given with all the passionate fervour it requires.

It is a long time since one has seen a play of this class which appeals so forcibly.

Bright, sparkling music, witty lines wedded to strong situations, really first-class acting, and a sumptuous production, all combine to make a harmonious whole.

You must make all haste to see *Katja*, not because its stay at the Gaiety will be a short one, but because you will need every opportunity to repeat the delightful experience.

**Wire Pulling.**

Mr. J. K. Starley, managing director of a company responsible for a particularly fine car of well-merited fame, received a cryptic telegram from a client a few days ago. It read:—"Please comply First Chronicles, chapter twelve, verse twenty-one—David Copwell."

The letter files were looked up, and it was found that a car was due to David Copwell, Esq., but a multiplicity of orders had prevented it from being sent with the promptitude the company would have desired. Pushing the matter further, the suggested reference was turned up. Here it is:—

"And they helped David against the band of the Rovers."

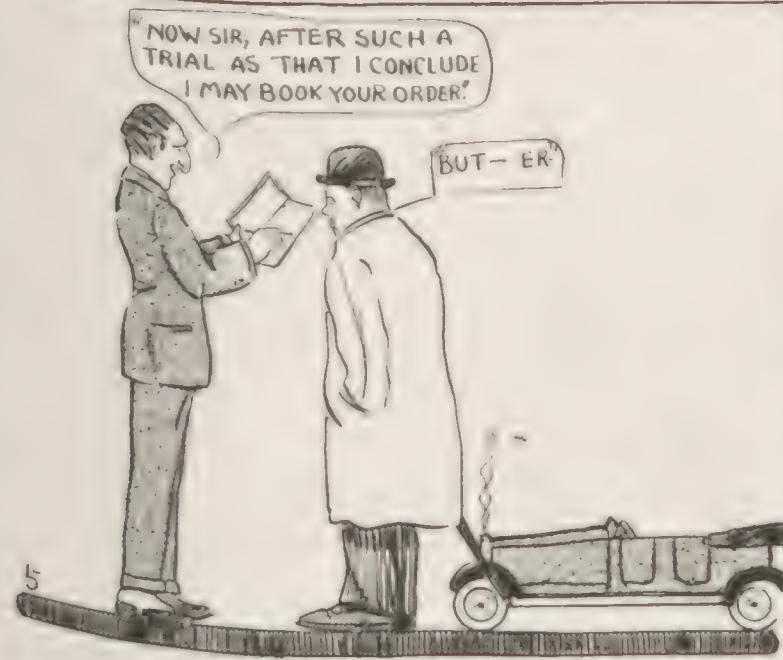
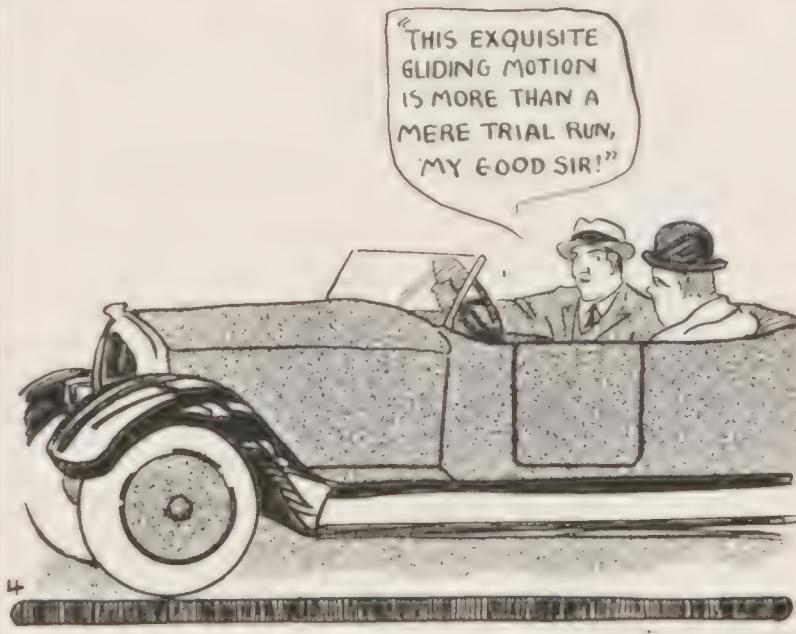
Having made arrangements to give Mr. Copwell priority over other claims, the inimitable "J. K. S." resourceful as ever, sent off a telegraphic reply, which read:—

"Exodus, chapter fourteen, line verse six."

The reference reads:—

"And he made ready his chario-

## THE SUPER SALESMAN.



C.H.TOWNSON

## ANTI-DAZZLE DEVELOPMENTS.

By Captain E. de Normanville.

*The author, whilst expressing full appreciation of the fine achievements of the R.A.C. on the anti-dazzle and other motoring problems, makes some carefully thought-out suggestions which he thinks may lead to improved results.*

SOME cynic or other has said that "gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come," or words to that effect. And if the attitude of motorists towards the Royal Automobile Club rather savours of that quite human, if selfish, outlook, the club has only got its continued good works in the cause of automobilism to thank.

Amongst these many efforts, those devoted to an attempt to solve the ever-present anti-dazzle problem take high rank. Not the least of these was the demonstration of some dozens of anti-dazzling devices which took place recently in Richmond Park.

Now it is in connection with the subject of anti-dazzle that I am going to run a perfectly friendly tilt with the Club. Behold me then, with pen as lance, ready for the fray; but also please note that the pennant on my weapon's staff bears the inscription "Constructive Criticism."

In fact, to forsake metaphor, I am going to prove myself an ardent admirer of R.A.C. activities by not only exhibiting "a lively sense of favours to come," but by venturing to point out the particular form I should like the favours to take!

In the first place I want to refer, a trifle adversely, to the book which the Club issued recently, giving the results of its anti-dazzle tests to date. Beyond all question, it must be admitted that the carefully compiled data with which this book provides us is most valuable. But is it possible for any person not possessed of more than the average scientific grasp of technical matters to extract from that data a comprehensive idea of the comparative results? Or again, and this is of more importance, does it provide any indication of the best line to follow with a view to solving the problem? From my point of view, I am afraid the answer to both questions is in the negative.

I will deal in greater detail with the points I have raised, always striving to make my criticism constructive. In the first place it seems to me highly desirable that the testing of anti-dazzle devices should be based primarily on a definite source of lighting power.

In the tabulation of the R.A.C. results, one finds cases where the total available candle-power at the source of lighting was as low as 20 c.p., in others it goes up to something like 90 c.p.! Consequently, to attempt anything in the nature of comparative observation is hopeless. Then again, on analysing the published figures, I find that the average total candle power employed in the tests was about 55 c.p., whilst that of the Gold Medallists averages only 39 c.p. as the total force of lighting.

This result is certainly explainable, and to some extent proportionate; nevertheless, it is highly undesirable. It is of no use, or, shall we say, of quite minor utility, to test anti-dazzling devices which are operating in front of freak lamp bulbs.

We want to obtain the best lighting efficiency in conjunction with the minimum dazzling effect, whilst using everyday lamp bulbs. Therefore, why should there not be a specified standard

total lighting capacity for the two head lamps? I would suggest that this might be, say, 47/50 watts; and by means of the ordinary photometric tests, the slight variation allowed in the standard could (when discerned) be corrected in the published results.

With regard to the publication of these results, I venture to think that the usefulness of such tabulations would be much enhanced if they were set forth in as simple a form as possible. Here is a possible way in which I think this could be achieved.

Why not place the desirable features of an anti-dazzling device under a certain number of headings? To each of these headings a maximum of a hundred marks could be allotted. There only remains to fix a settled factor of achievement which would represent the maximum number of marks attainable. Actual achievement under test would be translated into a percentage number of marks. It would then be possible to gather if any particular device was promising, and where it failed. The great idea is to keep inventive minds on the right track. The present system seems them wandering towards dead ends. My own present opinion on the subject is that any ultimate solution will be based on the principle of optically controlling the directional activity of the beam of light. But that is for the future to prove, or disprove.

In the meantime, let me again express my hearty appreciation of the Royal Automobile Club's many excellent endeavours. My suggestions are offered with great deference, and in the belief that their adoption will be for the general good of the motoring public.

If one may quote the *East* to the *West*—"It is permitted by the Prophet, to ask."

*A picture of the future, when the nursery rebels.*



THE MAJESTY OF WATER POWER.



THIS is a particularly fine panoramic photograph of the world-famous Falls of Niagara—notable for the clear focusing of the Chrysler in the foreground, and the details of the falls in the distance.

## WHO'S AWAY A-WHEEL?

1



1 Making a call—a pleasing picture depicting to advantage the new 10/26 h.p. Singer Saloon.

2 A Crossley owner touring abroad. The picture was taken in Vienna.

3 An unexpected shortage of hotel accommodation held no terrors to these two Lagonda enthusiasts. By a simple seating adjustment and the erection of the efficient all-weather equipment their "boudoir," to use their own words, "was abso-posh!" Incidentally, how economical!

4 A Sunbeam owner touring in Italy—in front of the wonderful black and white marble Cathedral at Sienna.



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# PEOPLE AND THEIR CARS.

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5 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at a recent meeting of the Quorn Hounds at Willoughby, in Leicestershire. The Prince's 40/50 Rolls-Royce car, in which he had driven to the meet, is seen in the picture.

6 Mrs. W. G. Goss, the happy winner of the Wolseley two-seater car presented by Wolseley Motors, Ltd., to the Lifeboat Institution as a prize for the solution of the Lifeboat Centenary Puzzle.

7 Miss Betty Howitt, Mayoress of Richmond, Surrey, is in her thirteenth year and is England's youngest mayoress. The car is a 20 h p. Rolls-Royce, and the building is the Richmond Town Hall.

8 Putting the cowl of the Humber to further good use—a happy luncheon by the roadside.



5

8

I LIKE THE STUDDED BALLOONETTES.

A VERY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

By Captain P. A. Barron.

*Cross-word puzzles are extraordinarily bad for domestic discipline: they show a fellow up so!*

"CAN you think of a word of three letters beginning with D?" asked Phyllis, frowning over an evening newspaper after dinner.

"Cross words again!" I sighed, for during the last month she had put me through a searching examination every evening and had discovered practically everything I didn't know, from the name of an ancient Icelandic poet to the Choctaw word meaning fish.

These cross-word puzzles are extraordinarily bad for domestic discipline. They show a fellow up so. Even if he thinks of the right word his wife probably asks him how it is spelt, and then he is dished again when she consults the dictionary to make sure.

"A word beginning with D," said Phyllis again.

"It's probably a very cross word," I said. "Couldn't we have a kind word evening for once? After three years of married life . . ."

"It might be 'did,'" she said; "but that's a verb, isn't it?"

"I think it is, dear, irregular verb, you know—'I did; thou hast done it; he or she has torn it'—something like that, you know."

She looked at me with the cold light of reason which is so chilling to the flippant male.

"There's a prize for this," she said severely. "A car. I'm going to win it."

"Is that the car?" I asked looking over her shoulder at the diagram. "I like the studded balloonettes."

"Three letters reading down. The clue is 'a very old car,' so that must be 'dud,' mustn't it?"

"The diagram looks like it," I said critically.

"Well, that gives us two words across beginning with 'D'—here in the first wheel, you see."

"The clue is 'an expression used by owner of old car.'"

"'Damn,' I suggested with the triumphant assurance of having scored a bull for once.

"That's vulgar," she said, "and anyhow there's an 'N' in it."

"It's used by the best people," I retorted, "and the 'N' is silent, as in 'laying.'"

"It isn't."

"It is—I mean she is. The cackle comes later."

"You can't take anything seriously," she said irritably. "If it's—what you say—what's the middle word of five letters, the second one 'U,' meaning 'frequent cause of anger?'"

"Puzzle," I suggested.

"That's got six letters," she said, counting on well-manicured fingers that used to knit jumpers before the cross word madness spoiled our lives.

"Try it with one Z" I proposed helpfully.

Her look said "fool" so plainly that it hurt.

"It's 'burst,'" she exclaimed with sudden inspiration. "And that gives us the next across 'frequently repeated.' I was right, you see"—for the second time she wrote the word I had suggested.

"I like that!" I objected. "I thought of it first."

"You would!" she retorted; "but if I hadn't thought of 'dud' you would never have guessed."

"I bet I would. I've known the word for years."

"Well, probably it's wrong anyhow. What's 'AARAC—useful to motorists'—oh! yes—Automobile Association and Royal Automobile Club—I got that, anyhow."

"Clever! but the next is a teaser. What's 'MSM'? Clue—'first three letters indicating person who manufactures cars.'"

"I don't see that it matters if the others are right," she said evasively, for like great generals Phyllis does not admit defeat.

"M.S.M. might stand for 'Made for Silly Mugs,' or 'Mail Steamer Marian,' or something."

"But that doesn't fit the clue."

"Hang the clue."

"I know!" exclaimed Phyllis, looking as pleased as if she had won the car already. "The 'M' stands for 'Member of the Society that runs the Motor Show—Manufacturers of Motors and Trailers,' or something."

"Traders," you mean. S.M.M.T. Good! That finishes the front wheel. Let's have a shot at the back one."

"A word of five letters indicating a badly applied patch."

That was a nasty one, and we spent half an hour before Phyllis thought "leaky" and I scored with "blo," meaning "laborious task," spelt phonetically, and "blast" meaning "wind" according to the clue, but more familiar to owners of leaky tubes in another sense.

"Ass" was obviously right for "Motorist who does not carry spare wheel," but "B.E.A." kept us guessing until at last we fitted it to the clue "a well-known advertiser's catch phrase" as the initials of "Beats Every Automobile."

"O.K.S." stumped us until we realized that the combination might conceivably stand for "denoting good." Writ thus—O.K.'s—I suppose it will pass.

At 2 a.m., when we were both almost prostrate with the mental effort, Phyllis said we would have another try to-morrow and after a restful day at the office I returned to work with a new dictionary of technical terms, a synonym dictionary and a recently published manual purporting to explain how cross-word puzzles may be solved. These books were sold by auxiliary attendant at the station book stall who retailed them to haggard husbands, like myself, homeward bound to begin the serious labour of the day.

Now the fiendish thing about a cross-word puzzle is that it gets worse and worse towards the end. One picks out all the comparatively easy words first and when one has filled in so many of the squares it seems a pity to allow all that agonizing mental effort to go to waste.

Most of the easy words are wrong and have to be rubbed out and superseded by

"O.T." PRECEDING "STUFF."

Others. The frequent erasures make holes in the paper which have to be patched with stamp edging or three ha'penny stamps, unless one buys a sort of school exercise with ruled squares, in which case one can tear out one's failures, so that children and servants shall not find out that their elders and betters can't spell.

As a matter of fact, I do not believe that any cross word fan can spell accurately. The temptations to cheat by straining the ordinary rules of orthography are too great. In the last stages of

the disease a sufferer will spell like a phonetic Esperantist trying to translate

Robert Burns.  
Well, I am not going through that again word by word. The subject is painful now. I am taking up the subject again. The name of a Tibetan animal and a badly snubbed curate, or something, who hinted that I was not there were a very common animal in India, as he had received forty thou-

sand enquiries in the last few days from ignorant time wasters who wanted to know the name of a small tailless snake in Uganda, or the scientific name of a phosphorescent fish that climbs trees at night.

The name she wanted, by the way, was YAK and the perfectly maddening clue was "A Tibetan animal with an extra eye." The actual combination, as you will see, is IYAK—but what ought one to do to a cross word puzzle manufacturer who could commit a crime like that?

Another clue read: "Probable initials

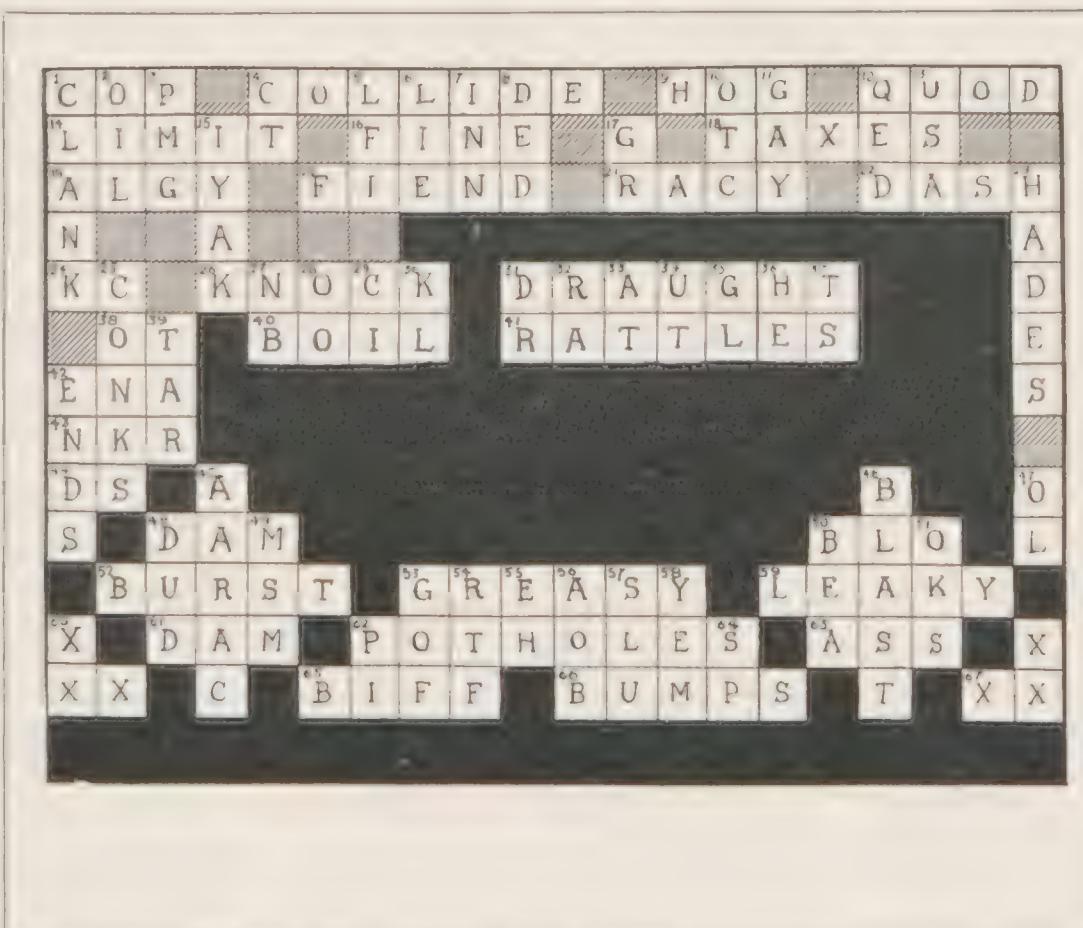
of a railway company's line between two Asiatic cities, if there were such a railway."

That's N.K.R., which probably stands for the Nepal-Kandahar Railway.

I do not disagree to P.I., "abbreviation meaning virtuous," or XX being used in one place to represent a well-known beverage and in another as a symbol of affection used by lovers, but I draw the line at N.B. standing for "two letters preceding G. and indicating something cheap and nasty." I think it is in questionable taste.

We finished the puzzle a week after we had started it and then discovered that the paper was a back number and that solutions ought to have been sent in before last Christmas.

It cost me a long week-end to recover from the nervous strain and I have told Phyllis that if ever she begins another cross word puzzle I shall mention a word of ten letters beginning with "S" and usually preceded by "legal."



CLUES.

1. A road.  
2. Alternative to "drive."  
3. Man's name for fast youth.  
4. Car used by fast youth.  
5. Expression (mild) used by fast youth.  
6. More expensive than paying damages.  
7. Music made by engine.  
8. Look out your window.  
9. A straight stretch of safe road.  
10. Knut factory.  
11. Motorist's emotion after escaping fine. An imaginary state.  
12. Which was to be proved (not necessarily in court).  
13. Very dry.  
14. A good monarch.  
15. Expletive (classical).  
16. Present tense of verb "to peter out."  
17. Two letters preceding G and indicating something cheap and nasty.

66. Following "What ho! she."  
67. Symbols of affection used by lovers.

DOWN.

1. A musical note.  
2. Something on motorists' hands.  
3. Person who looks after the penny ha'pennies.  
4. (Extra prize to anybody who can think what this is.)  
5. (See No. 4.)  
6. Something told to Magistrates.  
7. A voluntary stop.  
8. Sequel to accident (phonetically spelt).  
10. Knut factory.  
11. Motorist's emotion after escaping fine. An imaginary state.  
12. Which was to be proved (not necessarily in court).  
13. Very dry.  
14. A good monarch.  
15. Expletive (classical).  
16. Present tense of verb "to peter out."  
17. Two letters preceding G and indicating something cheap and nasty.

28. Exclamation of lady passenger. (See No. 65.)  
29. A deep breath (spelt phonetically).  
30. Might be a plug if another letter is added.  
31. A repairer of motorists.  
32. One who paints but does not powder.  
33. Cockney form of "tile."  
34. Short for "utter."  
35. Look backwards and find once popular person.  
36. Often associated with "she."  
37. Initials standing for "too silly."  
42. Either big or little.  
45. Useful to motorists.  
46. Wind.  
47. Common way of pronouncing No. 23.  
48. A very old car.  
49. First three letters indicating person who manufactures cars.  
50. Initials of a well-known advertiser's catch phrase  
51. Describing "good."  
53. Correct pronunciation of ancient game.  
54. (See Nos. 4 and 5.)  
55. Query.  
56. An ancient order.  
57. Past tense of word meaning "kill." (Spelt phonetically.)  
58. A Choctaw word for "yes."  
60. A well-known beverage.  
62. Abbreviation meaning "virtue."  
64. Betting term.

MANY ATTRACTIVE AND EXCLUSIVE FEATURES.

**A NEW OVERLAND CAR.**

With his customary accurate analysis of the public's demand, Sir William Letts, managing director of Messrs. Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., has decided to embody a first-class English engine and gear box unit in the well-known Overland de-Luxe car, and the new production is shortly forthcoming from the extensive works of the company, which, as everyone knows, are situated at Heaton Chapel, near Manchester.

FOR some considerable time the introduction of this model of the de luxe type has been in contemplation and progress. It brings the car within a medium tax rating, whilst the quality of the engine, which has been well proved, ensures a low petrol consumption. Demand for economy is met not only in these two directions, for the medium tax carries with it a corresponding medium insurance premium. The makers of the Overland therefore now achieve their ambition of making a British car which fulfils the popular demand of the motoring public.

The outward appearance of the car resembles that of the present model de luxe, but the new car will be recognised by the script title Overland 13.9 on the radiator.

As the chief departure concerns the power unit a few words of description will be interesting.

It has four cylinders of 75 mm. bore and 102 stroke, giving a total capacity of 1805 cc. Cylinders and top half of the crankcase are cast in one piece, an arrangement which ensures perfect alignment. The head of the cylinder block is of course detachable. An interesting feature to note is that the crankshaft is offset. It has three bearings. Pistons and connecting rods are made of aluminium alloy. The gas mixture is supplied through a Zenith carburettor from a tank containing 8 gallons of petrol. Ignition is by means of a Bosch magneto, which is driven by a cross shaft and is thus very accessible for cleaning and adjustment of the contact-breaker. The firing point is controlled, like the throttle, from the steering wheel. Valves are on the left-hand side and are operated by adjustable tappets. The cam shaft is driven by helical timing gears, which eliminate noise. Cooling is by thermo-syphon circulation of water through the existing cellular type of Overland radiator, which is of ample capacity to meet the biggest demands made upon it. Cooling is assisted by a three-blade fan made of cast aluminium; it is driven by a V belt, the tension of which can easily be adjusted.

Engine lubrication is effected by a pump of the plunger type. It forces oil to the crankshaft bearings, cross shaft and timing gears. Oil from the pressure-fed bearings is caught in troughs into which the big-ends dip. This arrangement varies the supply of oil when going up and down hill and gives a practically smokeless exhaust. Other bearings and the valve gear are lubricated by splash. Pressure of the oil is indicated by a gauge on the instrument board, and the contents of the sump can be learnt in a moment from a graduated dipper rod. This is attached to the cap of the filler, which is of large dimensions, and conveniently situated for easy replenishment of oil.

A combined dynamo and starting motor has its place at the side of the gearbox. The electrical system is a 12-volt Lucas dynamotor which is, of course, quite silent in action.

A clutch of four plates with cork inserts is used; it requires no attention. The gears, which are selected by a central control of very easy operation, have ratios of 4.5 to 1, 7.75 to 1, 14.5 to 1 and reverse, 17.5 to 1. The back axle is three-quarter floating, and the front axle, drop-forged in one piece, has adjustable taper roller bearings.

Under strenuous tests the engine has given an excellent account of itself, and proved to have a reserve of power for the fullest demands made upon it. A speed of well over 50 m.p.h. has been obtained,

while on second gear the car's speed <sup>w</sup> exceed 35 m.p.h. so that it is a fast climber. Road holding qualities of the car are particularly good, thanks to the well-known Triplex springing which is a feature of the Overland car. With this system the triplex springs are anchored at the extreme ends of the car, thus extending, for a given wheel-base, the sprung length of the car. Balloon tyres in conjunction with this feature give extremely easy riding. The entire chassis is lubricated by grease-gun.

The five-seater body is of generous proportions, with very comfortable seating.

Equipment is complete in every detail including speedometer, clock, driving mirror, windscreens wiper, motometer, luggage grid, kick pads, spare wheel and tyre. The choice of colours offered is maroon, mole, blue and grey, with which the upholstery is made to harmonise. A rear windscreens is a standard fitting. Needless to say, the complete all-weather equipment provided is of so well-fitting a character that the car with hood and screens in place might be taken for a saloon. The convenience of having front doors is especially recognised when the hood is raised.

One evidence of the thought that has been given to the design of the car is the carrying of the tools, each in its appointed place, behind the squab of the driver's seat; upholstery of the rear seat is detachable, so that the very roomy back part of the car may be utilised for carrying quite large quantities of luggage when it is found necessary without damaging the interior finish.

The new car is to be distinguished by the white metal title "Overland 13.9" mounted on the radiator, and adding to its smart appearance. We hope at no distant date to be able to give our readers an opinion of the new car's qualities based upon personal investigation and a turn at the wheel. The price remains at £270 at works.

The five-seater touring model will shortly become available, and later on two-seater and saloon models will be added to the range of the Overland 13.9.



*The new 13.9 Overland five-seater touring model.*

THE RIVIERA IN PICTURES THREE, BY HELEN McKIE.



ON THE TERRACE OF THE  
BEAUTIFUL VILLA D'ESTE  
CERNobbIO

RAPALLO NEAR GENOA.

TWINS IN TROUBLE.

D E R E L I C T S T. V A L E N T I N E.

By Martin H. Potter.

*Our author's heroines are distinctly wayward; yet on one point we must accord them sympathy. We, too, have suffered from the urchin who scratches the enamel of our new car. Incidentally we receive corroboration of our belief that a motor-car is an invaluable ally to Cupid.*

**I**F Nature had not been in a coincidental frame of mind at the moment when Flip and Flap Stockbridge elected to enter the world, there would have been no material wherewith to write this story. They were twins—stubborn twins—not only physically alike, but mentally, not to say morally. They made a vice of twinship—dressing alike, and doing the same thing in the same way.

The twins were by no means impeccable as regards their general conduct; although if you had seen Flip, or perhaps it was Flap, feeding birds before coming down to breakfast you would have thought her an angel on earth.

Neither, I regret to say, were my wards above using their twinship to escape blame. Summoned to my study carpet to explain some unfortunate episode, they would fix me with two pairs of blue eyes, and then sink them until nothing was visible but two copper-coloured manes.

There was artifice in this; one's preliminary manoeuvre for position was to discover which was which. Their idea was to face the music as an entity—apportioned blame was harder to bear.

"No wonder you are ashamed, Flip. Will you kindly look up and explain?"

Two heads, recognising the guile, would bob up simultaneously, four eyes would dart non-committal remorse and penitence. Making a bold plunge, though inwardly doubting, one would fix the right-hand culprit, and continue:

"That's better. Now, Flip, I have here a letter and a distinctly heavy account from the butcher, who states

that his lad, intent on delivering the luncheon meat to the surrounding neighbourhood, was—I use his exact word—"bamboozled" by one of my young ladies—our butcher seems singularly inept in his description—bamboozled by one of my young ladies, into giving her a light for her cigarette. Whilst his back was turned, the other young lady opened the door of the cart, and cried out, 'Seize it, boys!' At which a pack of dogs, evidently gathered together from all quarters of the country, seized the meat, and took to their heels. The butcher had apparently not been prepared for the contingency, for one poor beast was

unprovided for. I gather that in his disappointment the dog attempted to make a meal from the butcher's lad, the last two items on the bill being calves' liver, 8s. 6d.; boy's calf, and cauterizing same, £2."

There would be a simultaneous giggle, stifled at its birth, by my stern disregard of the humour of the situation. Then, still fixing the right-hand beauty, I would continue: "Think of the cruelty of making our neighbours vegetarians, the bad example set to the butcher's lad, the deceit, the evil of smoking—stunted growth, ruined complexions, tainted breath—"

A pause at this juncture, caused by the other culprit filling my pipe and putting one arm round my neck, whilst she pressed the briar between my lips, and, disregarding my efforts to remove it, struck a match, resuming her place when a cloud of smoke crowned her efforts.

"Go on, dear—you were telling us how bad smoking was."

"I was going to add for girls, Flip. But to resume. This conduct really must cease. . . . These continued onslaughts on society. . . . Hushish incidents. . . . peaceful village upset. . . . home turned into a bear garden. . . . utter disregard of guardian's wishes for quiet life. . . . shiny brush gummed. . . . holly sprigs placed in bed. . . . sleeves of evening dress coal sewn at elbows. . . . ridiculous piece of lace tucked in handkerchief, and dragged out at club. . . . cackling asses of fellow members. . . . immodest surmises. In a word, Flip, you must be a good girl."



*Flip—or Flap—feeding the birds before breakfast, was an angel come to earth.*

FLIP AND FLAP FALL IN LOVE.

Gradual lapsing from high indignation to feebleness on my part, as the object of my remarks pushes the other culprit forward, exclaiming:—

"Guardian, dear, from the way you look I can't help thinking you mistake me for Flip. It would be unfair to deceive you—this is Flip."

"Yes; you mistook Flap for me." There would be no shade of triumph in the precisely similar voice of either innocent. Merely a slight undercurrent of gentle sadness that a loving guardian should be so unobservant, so almost neglectful, as to make such an unnatural mistake.

Then, to my half-furious, half-laughing demand that one of them should dye her hair, an eager dual agreement and demand that it should be blue-black. A reference to an advertisement in last week's *Queen*, an eager scampering off to find it; whilst I, thinking how dull my old house would be without them, cheerfully wrote a cheque for the butcher.

A propos of this particular incident, I accidentally discovered that the butcher's boy had scratched "Carrot Kids" on the pristine enamel of their new and much prized two-seater. The twins could retaliate, but not sneak!

The years of their youth were swallowed by their many misdeeds, and in due course they grew up. Their growth was radiant, beautiful, and, alas! none the less dual.

These facts were forced upon my notice by the young men of the neighbourhood, who betrayed a distinct inclination for my society, hitherto lacking. For a time I rather preened myself that crud-

ition was the candle that attracted the moths. They would draw information from me as to the neolithic remains of the neighbourhood, "on which, I understand, Major Almeric, you are the authority." But our con-

tinental sojourn with pre-

lude to our protracted

hawking on modern woman, as typified by Flip and Flap.

The young man would break

in on the discourse at my first

pause for breath with, "I sup-

pose your beautiful wards take

a deep interest in the subject.

I could, recognising the signs,

that they favoured Lenglen on

rather than Ethel M. Dell on man,

and they touched the fringe of the

neolithic age again; and I

would ask him in to tea

an invitation received with

gratified surprise, as

though the schemer had not

been angling from the first

moment.

Here we touch the hem of

history, for Flip and Flap fell

in love, and—still true to type—

the object of their affections was the same man.

This is how it came about. Young John Ironside, a clean, steady, well-set-up lad, who had been among the most steadfast cultivators of my companionship, waylaid me in the village street, and, after greetings, remarked that, if I had no objections, he would like to walk home with me. Quite a recognised opening this, but when he followed it up with:

"I want to talk to you about Flap—er, I mean Miss Stockbridge," I gasped. This was cutting the preliminaries with a vengeance. John had been the originator of the Neolithic Gambit, later much favoured by other players; and of them all I expected him to be the most skilful. However, I had learned that the whole duty of a guardian was to take the young male as he found it.

"Yes. Well, you want to talk to me about Flap? I am all attention. Proceed."

This mansel attempt to set him at his ease seemed to fail in the intent. He hesitated, and stammered:

"She is very beautiful."

I assented.

"So sweet, so charming, so delightful."

I nodded agreement.

"So good."

My experience of Flip's—or Flap's—goodliness during ten strenuous years found weak expression in a distressing cough.

He looked at me suspiciously, which made me recover, and wave him on.

"You might help a chap out a bit, sir. You must feel, living with her as you

continually do, that to know her is to love her."

"Yes; I feel that most strongly," I observed encouragingly, adding enigmatically, "when I know her."

He grasped the encouragement with both hands, ignoring the enigma. "I want you to give her to me, sir; I love her. Of course, she is miles better than I am—but—well, I will do my best to make her happy."

Why did I hesitate? He was all that a guardian could wish for—clean, wholesome, rich. Well, I hesitated because I had a suspicion of possible complications—I wanted to know how John had been able to differentiate between Flap and Flip.

"Well, my boy, I must think it over," I said; "I'll admit there is everything to be said for you. By the way, does Flap know anything of this?"

"Why, yes; we arranged that I should see you this morning."

"I wonder you could be sure it was Flap and not Flip; really they are so ridiculously alike."

"Oh, sir! With all due deference—but really, you know. . . . Dear old Flip is one of the best, awfully nice and all that. But Flap, well, you know, no offence meant to old Flip, but *Flap* is *Flap*—bless her."

My fears were confirmed. John's wholesale confidence could only have been begotten by concerted Flip-Flap-dom.

"Come and talk about it to-morrow morning," I pleaded feebly. "I'll have a chat with Flap to-night."

"You couldn't give me a cup of tea, I suppose," he asked. "I'm as dry as a wooden horse."

"No, John; I hate to be inhospitable, but I do not want you to see Flap until I have had that chat."

He swallowed his disappointment manfully.

"All right, sir. Eleven to-morrow suit you?"

"Nicely. I hope we shall be able to fix up things as you hope. Good-bye for the present."

His wistful look haunted me all up the drive, but I was firm, for two white-clad figures with copper-coloured hair were at the tea-table set out in the summer-house.

My worst fears were realised. Freely and frankly, those twentieth century sisters announced that they were both "struck"—the adjective is theirs—on the same man.

They calmly discussed the situation in all its bearings; the one perched on the broad arm of my wicker garden chair, with a hand resting on my shoulder; the other swinging in a hammock facing me.

"You see, being twins,"



Flip—or Flap—favoured Ethel M. Dell on man, rather than Darwin on the species.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

commenced the one on the chair, in an argumentative tone—. At this point I interrupted her.

“Before you go any further,” said I, in my most judicial tone, “will you kindly inform me if you are Flip?”

She looked across at her sister, and I intercepted a ripple of amusement—no, annoyance—well, amused annoyance.

“Really, *Gardenia mio*,” she said, “you must forgo this unobservant pose of yours; it is not becoming or fitting in thirty-five. Plenty of time for you to be helpless in about half a century.”

“Flip or Flap?” I demanded.

“You know very well I am Flip. Perhaps you had better hold my hand, in case I juggle Flap out of the hammock to take my place.”

I did so. It was small and soft, and, I thought, a trifle tremulous.

“You were saying that ‘being twins,’” I prompted.

“Yes; being twins, it is only natural that we should both take to the same man.”

“Take to?” I objected. “Without posing as an authority on the subject, I always understood the word was love.”

“Not since 1901, I believe,” said Flap, politely.

“Only where dear *gardenias* are concerned,” interjected Flap. “That is—when they are really nice, and don’t pretend to be old-fashioned.”

Her free hand wandered to my hair and started stroking it.

“Flap, his wave is permanent, and—I ask you?—it’s natural.”

I suspected that their idea was to bring me to the purring stage, and they nearly succeeded, but I pulled myself together.

“This is mere frivolity,” I cried. “We must approach this truly awful situation seriously—”

“A permanent wave is not a frivolity—it is a heaven-sent gift,” exclaimed Flap. I held up my hand for silence. “But we will be good and listen to what you have to say. As a matter of fact, we were longing to pop—that is to say, ask your advice, only we knew it would be so awkward for you.”

I groaned.

“It is a horrible position for two young English girls to be placed in, to say nothing of the man. A Mohammedan, now, would solve the situation by marrying you both.”

“How really clever you are!” exclaimed Flap. “We never thought of a change of religion as a solution.”

“I told you we ought to have taken him into our confidence earlier,” said Flap. “I suppose it is too late now, Flap?”

“Certainly it is too late.” Flap’s voice was absolutely decisive.

Who was to be the one to stay? I caught myself hoping it would be Flap, which was obviously absurd, seeing I could not tell which was Flap except when she sat on the arm of my chair and told me.

“Would either of you like to tell me all about it from the beginning?” I asked.

“Well, after thinking of various methods, we finally decided to deal for it.”

I gasped.

“I beg your pardon. Did I understand you to say deal for it?”

“Yes; deal cards, you know, dear. John Ironside was the King of Diamonds, and the one who got that card got him.”

“I see. And which of you—er—got him?”

“I did,” said Flap.

“Shades of Cupid! Derelict St. Valentine! You take it calmly!” I exclaimed.

“Tell me one thing,” I asked, consumed with curiosity. “How did John know that he was making love to Flap?”

“He could never have been quite sure,” answered Flap, “because sometimes the poor darling did not feel quite up to it, and I took her place.”

I was quite irritable about this.

“Was that strictly necessary?” I asked.

“We have always helped each other out,” said Flap, virtuously.

“Oh, John Ironside! Verily, Flap is Flap!

I told Flap that she had better keep my appointment with John at eleven o’clock next morning. Then I asked Flap if she would care to come for a run in the car. I felt most strongly that this

was a moment when she needed all my loving care and sympathy.

So we set the car going, Flap waving us good-bye from the circular window of the summer-house.

I wondered if, in spite of her philosophical outlook, Flap was building a fairy castle for Mr. and Mrs. Ironside.

We drove to the top of the cliff, then stopped, and sat silently looking out to sea.

At last I said, “So, my dear Flap is going to stay with me a little longer.”

She threw herself into my arms and buried her face in my shoulder.

“A long time longer if you will have me,” she whispered.

“As long as you care to stay, bless you,” said I, and feeling the situation needed relief, added that now at least I should know which was Flap.

“That was always open for you to know, oh, unobservant one,” she whispered, and, lifting her face from my shoulder, pushed back the copper-coloured curls which hid her left ear. Then she pressed a finger on the tiniest of beauty spots which nestled in the line of the ear and neck. “Flap has hers on the right, oh! stupid Guardian.”

I kissed that beauty spot. I trust the kiss was of paternal complexion, but am not by any means sure, because I distinctly remember thinking that if I had only been ten years younger I would have made personal efforts to convince my sweet, dainty Flap that there was another man in the world to love besides John Ironside.

She settled down again on my shoulder and made herself quite comfortable, where she could look into my face.

“They are light brown in the sun,” she said. “I always told Flap they were, but she wouldn’t have it.”

“What are?”

“Your eyes.”

“Really.”

“Yes. So are the King Hearts’ in our cards.”

“Indeed. But then, you told me the King of Diamonds was the fatal card?”

“No; Hearts.”

“Of course it ought to have been Hearts, but I distinctly remember you told me Diamonds, Flap, dear.”

“Oh, yes; but he was of the consolation prize. I am the King of Hearts.”

“But how did that help you?”

“First prize, stupid. We both wanted to draw him naturally.”

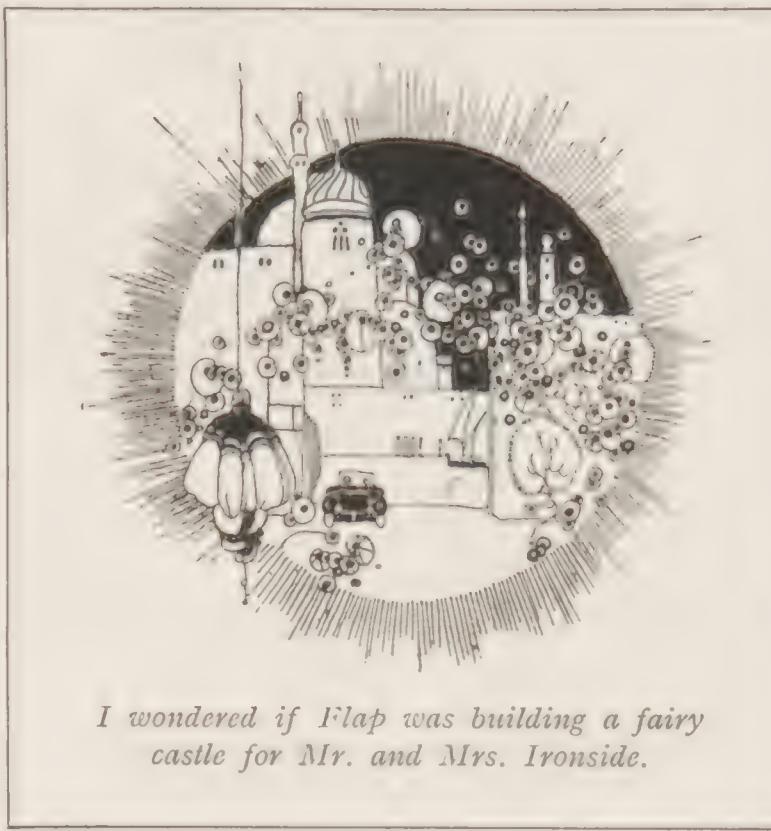
I stared.

“Did his Gracious Majesty Hearts also represent something?”

“Someone,” she corrected.

“Who?” I demanded.

“Why, you, of course, Flap.”



I wondered if Flap was building a fairy castle for Mr. and Mrs. Ironside.

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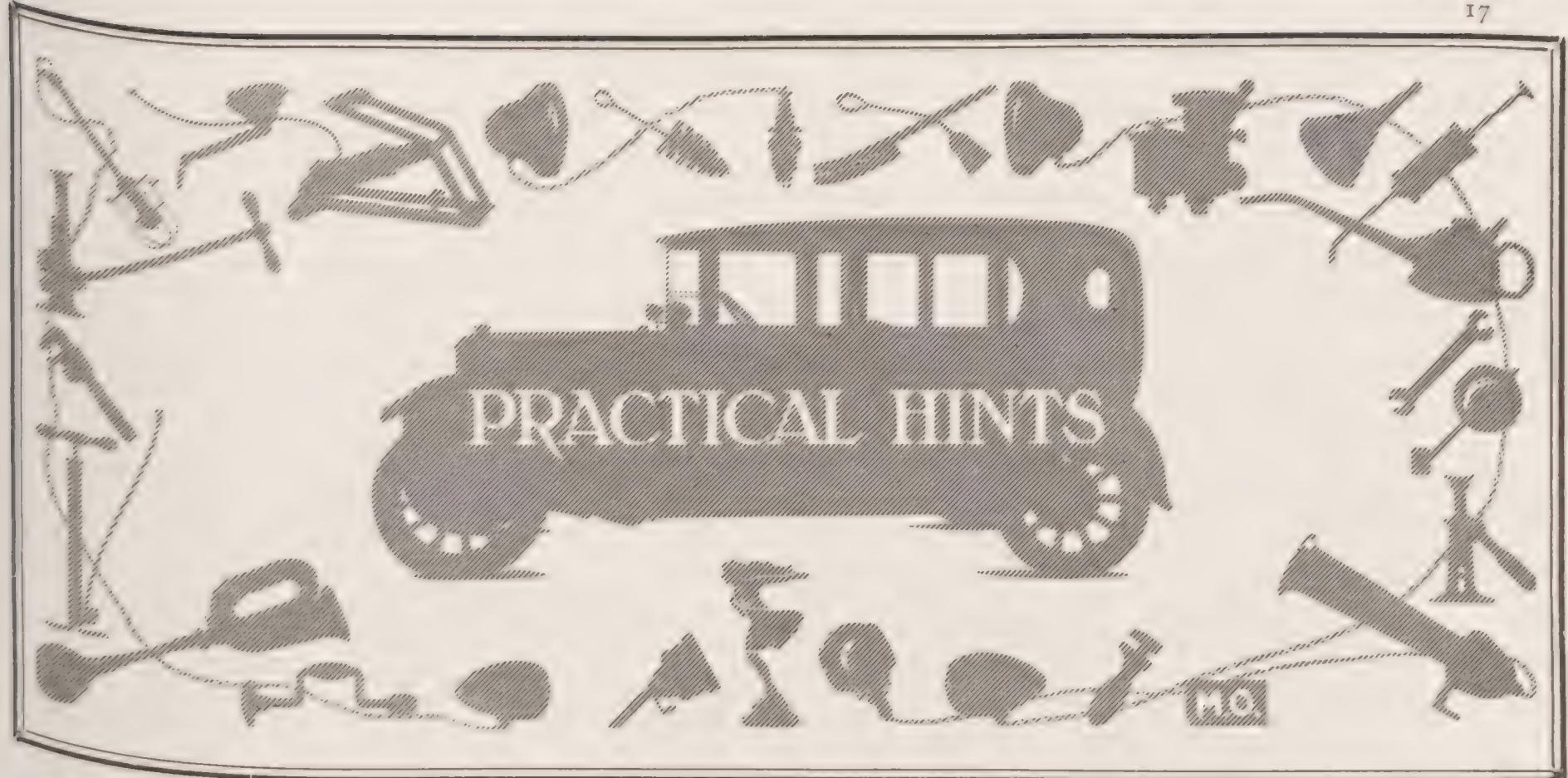
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#### On Oil Moderation.

ALTHOUGH every motorist fully recognises the necessity for keeping oil in the engine, there are comparatively few who realise the evils which follow on over-oiling.

These unscientific folk act on the basis of putting in another half-gallon "for safety" when the maximum height is reached. A foolish practice, for too much oil in the engine leads to rapid carbonisation. It also means waste, for the oil will blow out through the exhaust pipe.

On the other hand, of course, there is danger in disregarding the minimum oil for safety.

The secret for successful stoking is to keep to the golden mean indicated by the manufacturer of your car. Such discriminating moderation will provide sweeter running, and smaller repair and maintenance bills.

You will generally find that the man who is prone to the vice of over-oiling is also a victim to the excessive lubrication evil.

Needless to say, over-lubrication, when carried to the extent of an unnecessary smoking exhaust, is a legal offence, but there is also the ethical point which dictates consideration for the olfactory organs of other road users, both pedestrian and those who go a-wheel.

As a matter of fact, excessive lubrication acts as a boomerang. Its evil effects are not only inflicted upon the innocent, but also on the guilty. In its train follow engine troubles such as sticking piston rings, sooted plugs, misfiring, and carbonised piston heads and combustion chambers.

It will be obvious, then, that

moderation in lubrication is a virtue to cultivate.

#### On Gear Changing Troubles.

Gear changing on a steep hill is one of the bugbears which haunt the novice in motoring. His dread of "jamming" the change is accompanied by the dread of running backwards, and full knowledge of the difficulty he will have in restarting. However, his fears of retrograde running are baseless. No modern car, in reasonably good running order, will act in this undesirable manner even on the steepest hill likely to be encountered.

The novice, who has allowed this fear of gear changing on steep hills to get a hold upon him, will be well advised to try the slipping clutch change. Whilst not so admirable as the double-declutch, it is, at any rate, an improvement on the "foozle," and in nearly all cars it will provide a reasonably good change for the driver who has not yet acquired the maximum of skill.

Unquestionably, nervousness is the root of the trouble when a driver who, under normal conditions, changes gear quite successfully, fails on steep gradients. He either accelerates too much in neutral, or does not accelerate sufficiently. Usually it is the latter, and the first step to take is to ascertain for certain which fault he suffers from.

If he "jams" whilst moving at pretty fair speed—for the sake of argument we will call it 25 m.p.h. on a three-speed gear box—in all probability it will be through insufficient engine acceleration. The moment he realises the "bloomer," he should immediately make precisely the same change over which he has just failed.

It is fairly certain that this second attempt will be a success, but a word of warning is necessary; the change lever must not be forced. "Gently does it" should be the motto to bear in mind. A second failure may be taken as an indication that under-acceleration is the fault which prevents a smooth change.

If extended experiments still only result in bungles, then our motorist passing through his novitiate will probably find the best course to pursue is to let the car come to rest, and then start again in low gear.

There is no need for despair—experience is a sure remedy for motoring nerves.

#### On Balloon Tyres.

A correspondent makes a request that we should "favour him with a little advice as to the virtues or demerits of balloon tyres."

Well, the subject hardly comes within the sphere of "Practical Hints," but it would be churlish to refuse such a courteously-worded request, more especially as it is accompanied by a most kindly appreciation of THE MOTOR OWNER.

Whatever objections may attach to balloon tyres, there is at least one virtue upon which they may claim pre-eminence over the ordinary type, and that is comfort.

The small shocks are absorbed much better under their beneficent spell, and the big ones are damped out before they reach the springs of the car, or perhaps it would be more correct to say in conjunction with the springs. At any rate, the shocks do not reach the car occupants.

Then again they ensure distinctly

## A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS.

better adhesion, which means less tendency to wheel spin, and, consequently diminishes the danger of skidding.

The general improvement in suspension which they effect also tends to reduce rolling on corners. Yes; we know that corners should be taken at such a speed that perceptible rolling does not take place; but sometimes they are not!

So much for the merits of balloon tyres, now let us turn to their demerits. Well, their detractors maintain that they must demand more driving; and this is so to a small extent.

Our experience in practice is that they make the steering "woolly" and heavier on sharp corners, whilst on some cars, fitted with these tyres, there is a tendency for the steering "to hunt" at speed, or to "wander" a trifle of its own accord.

With regard to the last defect, it must be admitted as a matter of strict justice that a stringent test would be necessary before deciding whether the steering was at fault, or the tyres. Such investigation might prove that the responsibility was shared.

Taking it fore and aft, we think that our correspondent, who we gather is a motorist of some experience, should have his new car equipped with balloon tyres.

### On Necessary Accessories.

Roughly speaking, accessories may be divided into two classes, those which

are necessities, and those which are not.

We propose to deal with the former, but it must not be assumed that we hold the latter up to scorn. On the contrary, we fully recognise their usefulness.

As a matter of fact, it is by no means easy to separate the fitment which is absolutely essential to the proper handling of the car from the one which, although affording added comfort and convenience, can only be described as a luxury. However, for our present purpose, it must be attempted. Perhaps it will be best to approach the subject in the first place from the point of view of safety-driving.

Amongst the many dangers which beset the path of the all-weather motorist a rain-bespattered wind-screen is by no means the least. This trouble is more marked in the case of an enclosed car, but it is also present in most touring models. Amongst our essentials, therefore, we must include an automatic screen wiper.

A number of modern cars are provided by the manufacturers with hand operated wipers. These, whilst useful, have the demerits of their defects. Driving difficulties are much increased in bad weather, and the man at the wheel requires the use of both hands for driving. Not only visibility, but road surface also is affected, and the former should automatically cease to be an anxiety so far as is possible.

There are two chief types of automatic wipers, the one operated by the suction of the engine and the other electrically. Although both leave scope for further improvements, they add materially to safe driving conditions—especially on certain types of cars. There is no question that on such cars they should rank as a standard fitting.

In touring cars our next necessary accessory should be the rear wind-screen. There is no reason on earth why the passengers should not be provided with the same protection as the pilot; and without this shelter they have a pretty thin time.

Then there is the radiator thermometer. Used in conjunction with radiator shutters it ensures that the best efficiency and economy is got out of the car, and even alone it is of great utility.

Perhaps a gradient meter cannot be placed in the same category from the necessity point of view as the other fitments we have mentioned, but personally we would not be without one. Not only is there great interest to be found in watching its variations, but on occasions it also provides reassurance. There comes a moment when a doubt crosses your mind as to whether the car is pulling properly. The gradient looks something about one in twenty. You glance at the gradient meter which assures you it is one in eleven. You heave a sigh of relief. All is well!



AN OLD QUINTAIN POST, OFFHAM.

OFFHAM, in Kent, is not a very easy place for a stranger to find, but it is worth getting to, if only for a glimpse of its old quintain post.

The village is on the right of the London-Maidstone road, just south of Wrotham, and on the green stands this interesting relic—the sole survivor of many which, in the days of "Merrie England," afforded much sport on "holidays" for the dwellers of the countryside. It consists of an upright post, on the top of which is pivoted a shaped blade. The daring performer tilted at one end and hoped to get clear before the opposite weighted end came round, usually with sufficient force to unseat him.

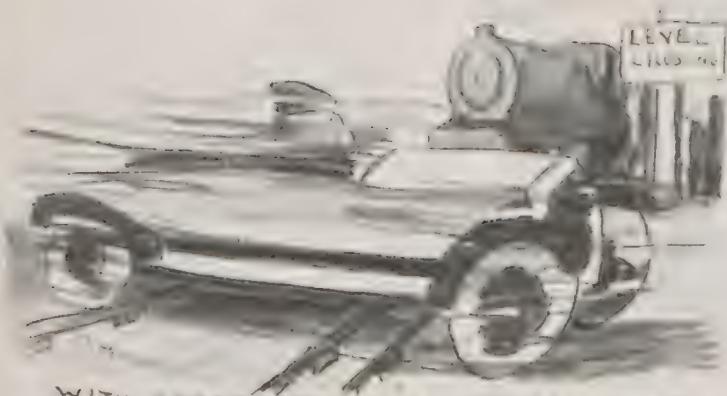
WHY IS IT? YET IT IS!



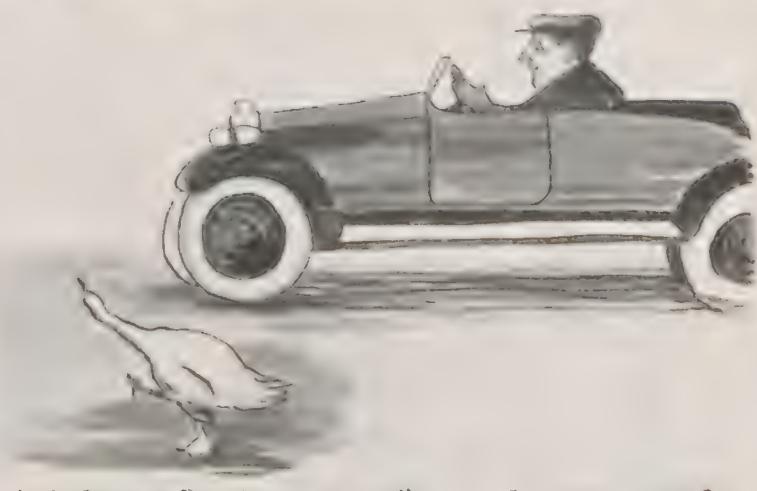
WHY IS IT THAT ONE CAN TAKE ALL SORTS



OF FOOLISH RISKS -



WITH APPARENT IMMUNITY, PROVIDED THE



INSURANCE POLICY IS IN FORCE - BUT IF IT HAS



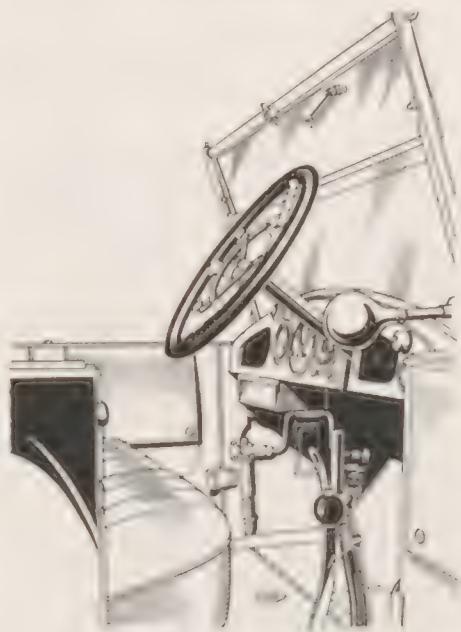
EXPIRED A COUPLE OF DAYS THE MOST SIMPLE -



THING SEEMS TO CAUSE AN ACCIDENT!

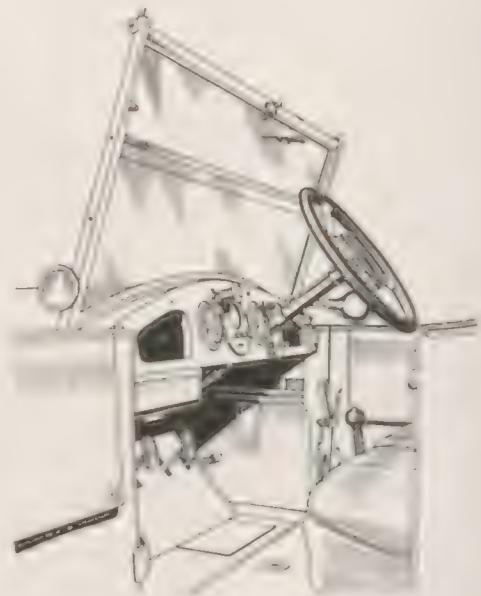
C. H. T. 1909

THE 16/35 H.P. WOLSELEY—A REAL TOURING CAR.



*The more frequently used tools—jack and handle, wheel brace, etc., are carried in an ever-ready position in the driving compartment. The large wind-screen gives unobstructed view.*

*Depicting the well-fitted dashboard, the two small parcels recesses and the handy drawer for small spares, etc. Brake and gear change levers are right-hand placed.*



*A* LARGE car, easy and light to handle; a powerful engine, economical to run; high speeds which, by gentle brake application, can be reduced to a mere crawl in a matter of seconds only; a maximum degree of comfort for five passengers, four doors and an efficient all-weather equipment—these are but a few of the many attractive qualities of the 16/35 h.p. Wolseley touring car. It is a "touring car" in the real sense of these words; and it gives consistently powerful and silent running for lengthy periods, minus at the end of the run (be it for one or a hundred miles) that general tiredness so inseparable from many cars classified as touring models.

The foregoing is the opinion we have formed after a three-hundred miles test journey in this popular British car, and we give in detail several of the more praiseworthy performance results attained by this car whilst in our hands. Aston Clinton, for instance, held no terrors; an average of 25 m.p.h. being recorded on "top" and "second" for this severe gradient; while the eight miles run from

Aylesbury to Thame was completed in ten minutes exactly, for the most part at fifty miles per hour—no small feat, you will agree, especially with a full complement of passengers. The greatest speed, however, that road conditions permitted was 54 m.p.h. and the fuel consumption recorded approximately 25 m.p.g.—quite pleasing features.

For those technically interested, the engine has four cylinders of 80 by 130 mm. bore and stroke, and is rated at 15.6 h.p. Lubrication is pressure fed to all vital points, while efficient cooling is obtained by centrifugal pump. The clutch, light in operation, is of the inverted fabric-lined cone type, and gear-changing need terrorise no one—just simple, plain-sailing action. Delightful suspension is obtained by cantilever springs front and rear; the fuel tank, with a capacity of 10 gallons, is situated at the rear of the chassis, with a small vacuum feed mounted under the bonnet. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun, while tool kit and the general accessories and equipment are on generous lines. £435 is the price—value for money, surely?



*Left: Other tools and the bigger spares are housed in a deep locker situated in front of the rear passengers' seats. There are also useful pockets to all four doors.*

*Both front seats are independent, the back squabs being adjustable to the "comfort angle" of individual passengers. The upholstery is well sprung.*



*IT'S A WARM WIND, THE WEST WIND, FULL OF BIRDS' CRIES.—J. MASEFIELD.*



*But whatever wind it may be, it would not affect the ever warm travelling in the Wolseley Fifteen. Moreover, it would need a real "Norther" materially to affect this car's high power and speed.*

"A ROSE RED CITY HALF AS OLD AS TIME."

## MOTORING WITH EVE.

No. 14. — *From York to Knaresborough, Ripon, Wensley and Kendal.*

*We Bury a Roman Emperor, and Move in High Places.*

**P**ACING along the walls which still encircle York, Eve and I looked down upon the ancient city, and talked of the stirring events and changes which have taken place in, and around, the area of ground those walls enclose.

Day was turning into night as we watched. The soft shades which the departed sun had left in its wake, invested the buildings in that half light which etherealizes harsh modernity, and gives to antiquity greater charm.

The trains, and the trams became flashes of travelling light on the horizon; the new buildings were merged into the old; the whole city was invested with mystery, intangibility. Only the towers of the old Minster retained any degree of solidity; they dominated their surroundings in this land of shadows even more than in the full glare of day.

So the scene was set for our historical play; and the characters, long since departed from the stage where they had played their parts, came back at our bidding to take their call.

Eve was the producer who brought back these spirit actors and actresses, and I venture to think that if anything could reconcile them to their enforced return from peaceful oblivion, it would be the fair vision of my companion on the walls of York. However that may be, back they came.

The leader of the procession was a Roman Emperor, not the only one who made Eboracum his home when visiting the colony of Britain, but the only one who coming, departed no more. It was Severus.

Eve conjured up a vivid picture of the funeral ceremonials which followed his decease. At her behest, the shadowy garrison of Roman soldiers passed beneath us escorting all that remained of their Emperor to a spot outside the city walls. They waited whilst

the blazing pyre did its work, and then returned to the city bearing the urn containing the ashes.

Once again there was a ceremonial parade when the urn started on the journey to its final resting place at Rome. And on the spot where the body of Severus was cremated, the Roman army built three massive hills to keep green the memory of their Emperor. The hills still bear the name of Severus.

The phantom army pass away, and their place is usurped by fierce barbarians. The proud city which the Romans had called "our second Rome" is in flames. The few inhabitants who have escaped from the massacring Picts are fleeing for their lives to the open country beyond the walls. Of all the works which have been wrought but a few scattered fragments remain. Only the Severus

Hills stand intact, to testify to a civilisation which has been trampled underfoot.

A long interval between the acts of Eve's moving, if somewhat disjointed, play, follows. The curtain is down for many years whilst the scene is being set for the next act.

When it rises again, the Saxon Edwin, King of Northumbria, is installed where Britons, Romans, and Picts had held sway.

Edwin is a worshipper of pagan gods. He persists in his heresy in spite of the efforts of Paulinus, one of the band of Christian missionaries who had come over with Augustine from Rome to convert Britain to the true faith. But the hard heart of the King is melted by the birth of a daughter to his Christian wife. He gives permission for the child to be baptized as a Christian, and some time after, is converted himself. His people even to the pagan priests follow his example; and Paulinus, first Bishop of York, is installed in a fine church on the spot where the present Minster stands.

The church is destined to be destroyed before long, however, and the religion it represents is temporarily submerged. The Welsh King, Cadwaller, and Penda of Mercia invade the Kingdom, conquering, and killing Edwin. His wife and daughter escape, but the country under its new rulers converts to paganism.

But Christianity emerges from the ruins triumphant once more. Within twenty years another, and finer Cathedral occupies the place of the one demolished.

So the Pageant of the Ages passes in review before us. Kings, queens, archbishops, warriors, statesmen come, and go, leaving their mark on the buildings and streets, and walls, of the hoary old city.

The architecture changes with the various dynasties, but never for long is the site selected by



*The Five Sisters Window, York Cathedral.*

"WHOSE YESTERDAYS LOOK BACKWARD WITH A SMILE."

Edwin and Paulinus without a Cathedral. Several times we witness its destruction by fire, but always, phoenix-like, it rises again from its ruins; each time a little more beautiful.

Successive builders contribute to its wonders. The transepts of the "moulding we know now are the first to rise. In the northern one we see the stained glass windows, the Five Sisters, put in position. In the eastern one is placed their companion marvel of the mason and glazier's work, depicting in beautiful colours separate incidents of history. The lofty nave rises stone by stone, and the central tower and those in the west with their delicate leafy tracery; then the choir, towering even above the nave. And so the lovely completed whole which made Eve exclaim with Schelling: "Architecture is frozen music."

We left York early the following morning taking the road which leads to Boroughbridge, but branching off to the left just beyond the village of Hanmerston, for Knaresborough. And Knaresborough is a town of real interest to motorists quite apart from its beauty. It was the birthplace of Mother Shipton, who amongst very many other prophecies which "came home to roost," as Eve put it, predicted the one which indicated the arrival of motor-cars.

My fair companion quoted:—  
"Carriages without horses shall go  
And accidents fill the world with  
woe."

She thought the first line was a really wonderful example of a fifteenth century prophecy realised in the twentieth; and touched wood, and crossed her fingers as a charm against evil with regard to the somewhat gloomy second.

Knaresborough with its coloured houses and ruined castle clustered on the steep cliffs has a mediaeval aspect which provides an appropriate setting for witchcraft, accompanied of course by the beneficent fairy to neutralize the evil.

Our way lay through Ripley, model village whose primness marks a sharp contrast to the higgledy-piggledy of Knaresborough; and soon to Ripon, with a fine Cathedral, and one old customs.

I had some difficulty in persuading Eve from remaining in Ripon to witness one of these ancient ceremonies. At nine of the clock each night the Wakeman

takes up his position by the market cross and stocks to sound his horn. The signal has not been missed for centuries.

My objection was founded on the fact that it was nine of the clock in the morning when we passed through Ripley on our way to Wensley. A feeble reason, according to Eve, seeing that in all probability there would be a to-morrow, and that Wensley, safely anchored at the foot of its dale, was not likely to drift away. However, I was firm. A man must be master in his own car—if his lady passenger will let him!

Our path for many days had been amongst the lowlands, but we were now approaching the highlands. Just beyond West Tanfield we got our first taste of real climbing; and, with the exception of the dip near Masham, we kept the upward trend for the remainder of the day.

It was strange to be amongst hills again; but very pleasant. Eve and I are very fond of the pleasant countryside, but our hearts are really in the regions nearer the clouds.

We came to Wensley where we lunched; but previous to that pleasing duty, paid a visit to its thirteenth century church. Here rest the bones of the Scopes, a family which made history for many centuries, but one

which has left no living representative. Their dignity and standing in the land is proclaimed in the inscriptions on their tombs, which give them something of the status of Royalty. "John Scrope the Fyrste," "Henry Scrope the 7th," and so on they proudly aver rest beneath the stones.

After lunch we ran up the beautiful and romantic valley of the Ure to all that remains of their stronghold, Bolton Castle, which amongst other stirring episodes once served as one of the many prisons of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots.

Then yielding to Eve's desire to reach greater heights, we turned on our tracks, and took the road at Redmire which climbs to Grinton, and at Reeth bears to the left through lovely Swaledale to Muker.

A storm had worked havoc on the village a few days before we passed through it. We noticed huge cracks in the walls of some of the houses. They looked as though they were in imminent danger of falling into the River Swale, which swirls along its rocky bed hundreds of feet below.

We were lucky in our choice of a day for the journey. The gale had blown itself out, and the sun was shining brightly on our path.

I had been looking forward to driving Eve through the famous Buttertubs Pass, but we had not traversed much of its steep, winding course when we found fresh evidence of storm ravages. A rift in the road quite 4 ft. wide caused us to stop.

Fortunately, our enforced halt was within walking distance of the first buttertub, a cavernous hole in the rock which appears to be bottomless. This with its fellows provides the name for the pass. The surrounding scenery is grand, but very eerie. Surely this is one of the loneliest spots in Britain.

We turned the car; and made our way back to the high road; and so to Kendal by way of Coldbeck and Gaisgill. And our enforced choice of roads gratified to the full my fair companion's demand for altitude. It climbs at one portion to a height of over 1,500 feet.

Eve put a red ring round the date of this run, in her diary; and when Eve "sees red," the day has been successful.

M. H. P.



The famous Buttertubs Pass, North Yorkshire.

## REAR WHEEL BRAKES.

## THE CARE OF THE CAR.

By Ronald Cann.

A good deal of attention has been focused on brakes and braking efficiency recently, chiefly owing to the adoption of brakes on all four wheels by most firms producing large and medium-sized cars. Rear wheel brakes, however, continue to be fitted to the large majority of cars, and when properly used and cared for are remarkably effective.

HERE are two types of brake in general use, the internal expanding and the external contracting.

The internal expanding brake, which is the type most favoured in England, is shown below in its simplest form. Two semi-circular shoes are hinged at one end, an oval cam lying on its side between the two free ends. Tilting the cam forces the two shoes outwards until they make contact with a drum bolted to the rear wheel and revolving with it, thus forcibly retarding the turning of the wheel. When the cam returns to its normal position the brakes are pulled out of engagement by two springs attached to each shoe.

In the external contracting brake a circular steel band is contracted round the outside of the drum. The simplest means of contracting the band is shown in the diagram. One end of the band is fixed in position, a hinged lever pulling the other end until the band grips tightly round the drum. This type of brake, though very effective and cheap to make, has the disadvantage of being exposed to wet and dust thrown up by the wheels, whereas the internal expanding type is entirely enclosed and protected. There are, of course, many other ways of operating both types of brake, such as by toggles or rack and pinion, but in any case the principles involved remain unchanged.

At one time cast iron shoes were used with internal expanding brakes. Cast iron involves a very heavy assembly and possesses the disadvantage of losing some of its effectiveness as it gets hot. Nowadays aluminium shoes with a fabric lining are in general use, the aluminium being much lighter than cast iron, while the friction lining can easily be renewed when worn—a whole new shoe being necessary when cast iron is used. Fabric is also used for lining the steel bands of a contracting brake.

Considerable heat is generated as the brakes absorb the momentum of the car, and it is becoming increasingly common to provide cooling fins on the surface of an internal expanding brake drum. It is, of course, impossible to do this when internal expanding and external contracting brakes work on the same drum, a feature of some designs.

Some cars are fitted with a transmission brake. This consists of a drum mounted on the propeller shaft just behind the gearbox, and may be either internal

expanding or external contracting. Such brakes are very effective owing to the fact that the propeller shaft is geared up in relation to the rear wheels, so that the braking effect is geared up also. While this increases the power of the brake it also imposes a heavy strain on the transmission, which has to be made heavier and stronger than would otherwise be the case in order to stand both driving and braking strains. In some cases the transmission brake drum has a tendency to emphasise gearbox noises, but its advantages greatly outweigh this slight drawback.

When a transmission brake is fitted it is usual to attach this to the foot brake, leaving the hand brake to expand or contract brakes on the rear wheels. When one lever or pedal operates brakes in two different drums it is obviously important to ensure that both wheels are retarded to the same extent. For this reason it is usual to fit some form of equalising gear, so that any tendency for one wheel to lock before the other is avoided. This usually takes the form of a short bar free to swing about the point of its attachment to the lever or pedal. At equal

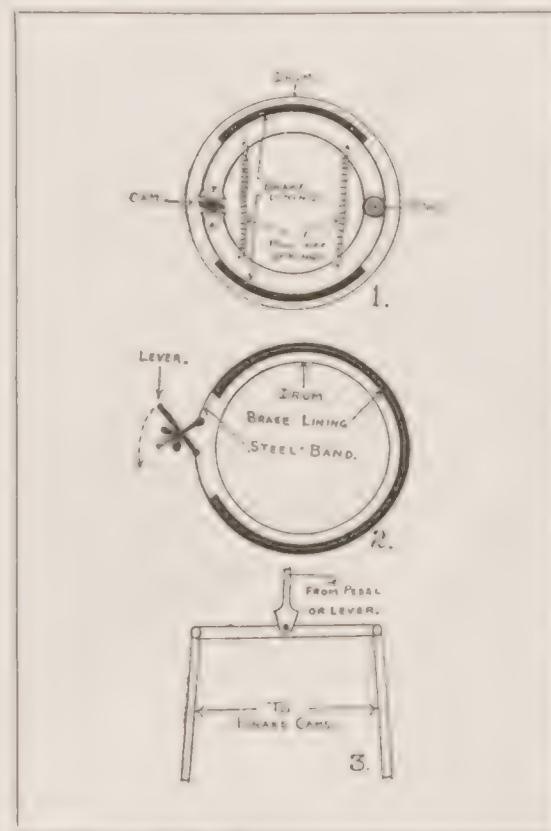
distances from this point on either side are two rods or cables leading to the brake cam gear. If one brake comes into contact with its drum before the other, the "whiffle-tree," as the pivoted bar is called, tilts sideways until the pressure on the brake cams is even, thus balancing the braking.

Every car must by law have two independent brakes capable of arresting the progress of the car. A transmission brake, together with expanding or contracting brakes in the rear wheels, is a very common arrangement; or there may be two brakes arranged to act on the rear drums only. When the latter type of construction has been adopted it often happens that the foot brake shoes, owing to their more frequent usage, become worn to the limit of their adjustment before the wear on the hand brake is appreciable. In these circumstances the owner can often change over the unworn hand brake shoes to the position occupied by the foot brake shoes, thus giving a new lease of life to each brake; the lack of wear on the drum itself giving a purchase to the foot brake shoes in their new position. A wheel-puller, costing a few pence from the makers, is necessary to remove the drum before doing this.

Using the brakes properly is almost an art in itself. Braking so violently that the wheels lock is bad both for the tyres and the mechanism, and on wet days may result in a dangerous skid. Braking should be done firmly and progressively, so that the wheels are made to turn more and more slowly, and only stop turning when the car comes to rest. For this reason it is a good thing to leave the clutch in until the last possible moment, as the slowly revolving engine helps to turn the wheels round instead of letting them lock under the brake pressure. A rapid change to a lower gear assists this, as the "tick over" of the engine is not enough to increase the speed of the car, and there is more engine friction to absorb the momentum of the

car.

There is not very much that the owner can do for his brakes beyond keeping them properly adjusted and oiling the brake connections. Both of these operations, however, are of the utmost importance, and may one day make just the difference between a narrow shaft and a heavy bill for repairs.



A FEW HINTS AS TO THE CONDUCT OF YOUR CASE.

**B E F O R E      T H E      M A G I S T R A T E .**

*By a Barrister-at-Law.*

*It is the misfortune of every motorists at one time or another to be in danger of legal proceedings for some infringement of the motor-car laws. The prosecution takes place before a magistrate, the case is conducted hurriedly, and is dealt with in less than five minutes, and the luckless motor owner is faced with "forty shillings and costs" or words to that effect.*

NOT that there is any general complaint to be made against summary jurisdiction, for, on the whole, the system of magistrates in this country has been admired by many eminent authorities of other countries. But it very often happens that the accused motorist does not avail himself of his full opportunities of defence when summoned, and the magistrate, having only the police evidence, has no alternative but to convict.

Accused persons very often plead guilty. If they are sure that there is nothing to be said in favour of their case, pleading guilty is the best thing they can do. To protest one's innocence vigorously in an obviously bad case will only prejudice the court, and it is a common proverb among criminal lawyers that he who proclaims his innocence most loudly pleads guilty, then, if you are really guilty, but not otherwise. If there is any doubt about it, let the police prove their case. They will know very well how to do it. But if you plead guilty, there is no need for that to be the last word. The magistrate has a discretion as to the degree of punishment, and can in some cases let an offender with a mere warning.

A genuine attitude of contrition, or expression of regret for the offence is never amiss, especially if there is any reasonable excuse to be given as well. And this expression need not be made verbally. Police court proceedings are not infrequently embarrassing to a defendant, and he may find it easier to write his regrets and excuses on paper and ask the magistrate to read it before passing sentence. Magistrates very rarely refuse to read a prisoner's statement handed up to the bench, and it is far better to do this than to stammer confusedly in open court.

Above all, the attitude of the prisoner towards the court has frequently a great influence upon a magistrate. The careless young motor-cyclist who lolls up against the witness box and looks upon the whole thing as a silly joke will get scant consideration at the most. To display a reasonable, unhesitating, straightforward attitude towards the court is to ensure that whatever consideration can be given to your case will be granted. Never

overstate your case nor abuse the police.

Before making up your mind what to do at the court, always try to have a look at the law on the subject. In most public libraries a copy of *Stone's Justices' Manual* or some such textbook exists which will tell you all you want to know. A few of the more important points may, however, be conveniently referred to here.

The summons for the offence must be served by a constable or officer of the court, either upon the offender personally, or left with someone at his last known place of abode. Leaving it at a non-residential shop or garage is not enough. The summons must state where and when the case is to be tried and must give the offender a reasonable time, so that he can prepare his defence. However, the magistrates are the only judges as to what would be a reasonable time, and cases have been known where two days has been considered enough notice.

In one special case the accused must have (besides the summons) notice that the police intend to prosecute. That is the case of exceeding the speed limits of 20 miles in the open country and ten miles in towns, as laid down by the Motor Car Act of 1903. In that Act it is provided that no conviction for exceeding the speed limit shall take place unless either the offender is warned at the time or has notice sent to him within 21 days after the offence.

It is not sufficient that the police-constable at the time should warn the motorist of an intention to prosecute; for a constable has no authority to give such warning. But after having reported the matter there is nothing to prevent his being authorised to go and give a verbal warning to the accused, and such verbal warning would be valid.

In all other cases no warning is necessary, and the first intimation the motorist will get is the summons. He should examine it to see whether it is properly addressed to him and whether the court issuing the summons is the court of the county where the offence took place. If not, the court has no jurisdiction. And the time and date of the offence should be noticed; for this will give a hint of what the police will say in evidence, and, if incorrect, may give the accused an opportunity to prove that he was elsewhere at the time alleged.

Personal attendance by an accused person at a police court is not generally necessary. He can send his solicitor, either alone or with a barrister, to represent him. But if he wishes to give evidence or make a personal explanation he must come, and, unless the case is very trivial, his absence from the court might be interpreted as an attempt to hide the truth or hamper justice.

If the police prosecutor does not turn up at the trial, the case may be dismissed or adjourned. If adjournment is asked for by the police the accused had better consent.

Against all convictions under section 4 of the Motor Car Act, that is against the taking away of a driving licence, there is an appeal. And appeals may also be entered for all convictions of a fine exceeding 20s. But if the conviction included a fine and costs which together exceed 20s. there is no appeal unless the fine alone is over 20s.

An appeal must be entered at the next Court of Quarter Sessions. An appellant had better not attempt his own appeal unless he has some experience of legal procedure or can be well advised. Appeals to Quarter Sessions are in practice equivalent to a re-hearing of the case; but the appellant is bound by the facts stated in his notice of appeal. The greatest care should therefore be taken in drafting such a notice.

If any accused person after conviction is dissatisfied with the magistrate's ruling on a point of law, as distinct from a point of fact, he may request the magistrate to state a case for the King's Bench to give a ruling upon. For such an appeal legal assistance is necessary, because in practice the statement of the case has to be done by the applicant, and it is essential that every legal ground of appeal should be carefully set out.

Always try and look up the Act of Parliament under which the case is brought. There are often provisos allowing for reasonable mistakes or excuses which may help you. And if you have any witnesses, see that they come to court. If they are unwilling you must go to the court office and get a subpoena for each of them. But, of course, always make sure they are on your side, and only bring them if they have something really useful to say.

AND A "BRILLIANT" SPEECH!

## THE ANTI-DAZZLE PROBLEM.

*The R.A.C. Demonstration of Anti-dazzle Headlamps and Devices in Richmond Park.*

THE R.A.C., which has for many years done much active work in connection with motor-car anti-dazzle headlamps and devices, recently carried out a demonstration of all lamps and devices which have at any time been tested by the R.A.C. The demonstration took place on February 24th last in the Club's testing ground, which, by special permission of H.M. Office of Works, is situated in Richmond Park, and there were present representatives of the Ministry of Transport, of public bodies, many leading motorists and prominent members of the Press, etc., all of whom showed considerable interest in the unique demonstration. Many present had taken a real active interest in the wonderful progress made in recent years in the evolution of the no-dazzle lamp.

No actual tests were made of the various lamps and devices (these tests having already been made in previous R.A.C. official trials), and while the demonstration gave no official figures, it proved very interesting as the lamps were seen in actual use and in comparison one with the other—a few remarks concerning which are given later.

The opening speech by Mr. G. H. Baillie, chairman of the Expert and Technical Committee of the R.A.C., given to the guests of the Club's demonstration, was so full of interesting matter relative to the dazzle problem that we print it in full; it was in fact a "very brilliant and dazzling speech." Here it is:—

\* \* \*

"This demonstration has been arranged by the R.A.C., in pursuance of its policy to promote the design of anti-dazzle devices and to encourage their use by motor drivers, and I ask your attention for a few minutes for a brief outline of the Club's policy.

"The first important step taken by the Club was devising a method of measuring dazzle. Before this, there was no means of comparing the merits of anti-dazzle devices. The Standard Disc method of test, which was invented by Mr. Hugh H. Gregory, the head of the Club's technical department, will form the first demonstration to-night. For measuring dazzle under the conditions of use of motor headlamps,

it has proved entirely satisfactory, and was adopted by the Departmental Committee on Lights on Vehicles of the Ministry of Transport, in its recommendation.

"Having perfected the means of comparison, the Club instituted a standardised test for anti-dazzle lamps and devices, on competitive lines, and the book of certificates which has been published shows the results achieved by the designers who have entered for these tests.

"Full particulars of each device and measurements of its performance are in the book, and it is to supplement this information that the Club has arranged this meeting.

"In 1921 the Departmental Committee of the Ministry of Transport (Lights on Vehicles) issued its third interim report on motor headlights, embodying the results of a great deal of careful work and consideration. It is a testimony to the value of this report that most of the anti-dazzle devices to be shown to-night are based on the lines recommended in it. The principle is to restrict the direction of the dazzling beam, not its intensity. A mere reduction of intensity is of no use, because an ordinary lamp ceases to give a safe driving light long before it ceases to dazzle.

"I believe that it will be found that several of the devices attain a considerable measure of success in avoiding dazzle and at the same time affording a fair driving light. It is only a few years since the Ministry of Transport brought home to people the imperative need of mitigating the dazzle nuisance, and with the simultaneous work of the Club, stimulating the efforts to inventors, I think that in these few years good progress has been made.

"This brings me to the question of legislation. I believe that all who have given close attention to the matter will agree that at the present time it is very difficult to frame any regulations restricting dazzle, which would be satisfactory; satisfactory in being able to be enforced, and in securing the desired end without increasing the risks of night driving. I suggest that the advance which has been made gives ground for expectation that

one or two years more will bring us near to a solution that satisfactory regulations will become practicable. Is it not possible that a little delay in the issue of regulations might be to the advantage of all concerned?

"Now I am going to ask for the co-operation of the Press in perhaps the most important matter of all. There is no use in perfecting anti-dazzle devices unless motor drivers know about them and them. As you will see to-night, there are now available devices which will—to say the least—mitigate the effects of dazzle without imposing any great inconvenience on the driver. He has therefore no longer a valid excuse for inaction. Request to the Club for advice on anti-dazzle lamps prove that many motorists are feeling a conscience stirring within them, and this is satisfactory as far as it goes; but the Club wants to bring it home to every motor driver, with all the force possible, that whenever he uses ordinary headlamps he is causing intolerable annoyance, and that it is up to him to stop it.

"If only he can be brought to realise it, his voluntary adoption of anti-dazzle lamps will lead towards what is, I am sure, the best solution to the whole question. This is that the development of anti-dazzle devices and their general adoption by drivers will put an end to the dazzle nuisance and so render any legislation unnecessary."

\* \* \*

There was a really splendid <sup>array</sup> of demonstrators, notably among the more efficient "no-dazzle" lamps being the C.A.V., the Moonbeam, the Focus, the Barker, the Sennitt, Parabolite, the Noday, and the Zeiss.

Some demonstrators had travelled London from as far north as Dundee to York, a fact which illustrates the great enthusiasm with which the problem is being tackled, but the general opinion formed from the demonstration is that although great progress has been made in the right direction, the problem presented a number of difficulties.

Experiments are still continuing, however, so that before very long the <sup>minimum</sup> dazzle danger should be further minimised, if not entirely eliminated.

## A REALLY EFFECTIVE ANTI-DAZZLE DEVICE.



**T**HIS device, known as the A-L Patent Anti-Dazzle Focus Headlight Attachment, can be fitted to any make of electric headlamp, and consists quite simply of a mechanical means of controlling the focus of the lamps, from the normal long, narrow brilliant beam to the broad, diffused non-dazzling light of a lamp "out of focus." This light is obtained when the electric light bulb is carried forward away from the reflector by the A-L attachment, which is operated from the dash-board. Another touch of the plunger control brings the beam back into focus once more.

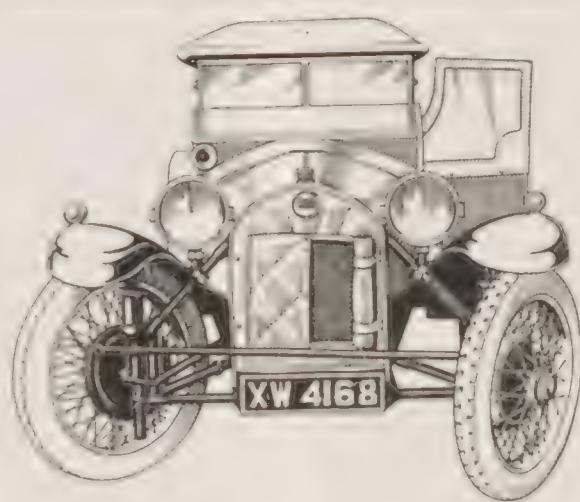
The first photograph graphically shows the effect of the average dazzling headlight

upon the driver of a car about to turn the corner at a cross road. The second photograph shows how the dazzle has caused the driver to run off the road into a gate in the temporary blindness from which he is suffering, fouling a cyclist in so doing. The lower photograph demonstrates most clearly the excellent effect of the application of the A-L attachment. Here the driver of the car on the left has switched over to the broad diffused beam. This beam in no way inconveniences the driver of the two-seater and yet remains a most excellent driving light. It is also the side illumination which makes the device so useful in fog or mist and when taking abrupt corners.



THE "LAMBDA" LANCIA—MANY OUTSTANDING GOOD FEATURES.

Depicting the excellent method of front wheel suspension (note the spring-coil oil-case on the offside wheel) also the unobstructed wide range for full wheel



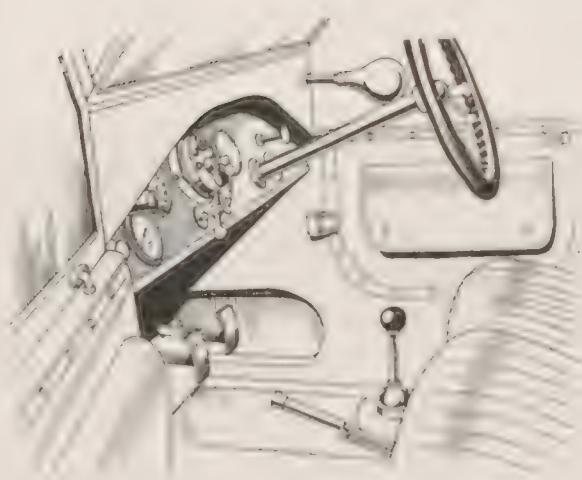
lock. A well-fitting radiator muff ensures efficient engine temperature in wintry weather, and the general design gives a minimum of wind resistance.

THE 14/60 h.p. "Lambda" Lancia is a car of many outstanding good features, upon one or two of which we have, below, made special comment. To review the vehicle in brief—it is comfortable, light in weight, powerful, specially designed to give reliable and unfaltering performance at all speeds—its top gear possibilities extend from 4 to 70 miles per hour—and the desirable feature of economy is well to the fore.

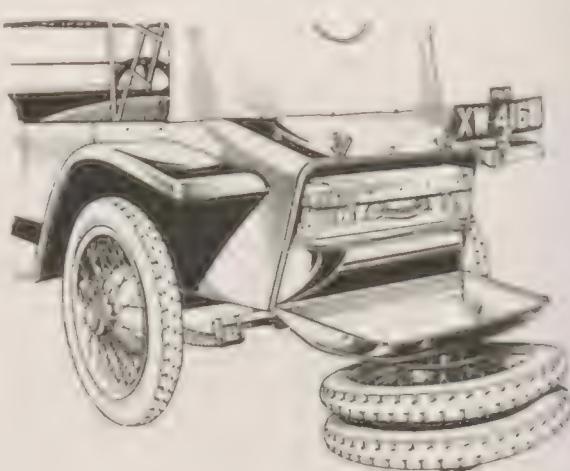
Lancia specification is as follows:—4 cylinder 13.9 h.p. engine; bore and stroke of 75 by 120 mm.; three speeds forward and a reverse; brakes on all four wheels; five detachable wire wheels; springs:—front, spiral springs and oil compressor with rigid trapezoidal frame sustaining the reaction of the brakes; and, rear, semi-elliptic; also a most comprehensive car equipment, including speedometer, clock, fuel indicator, electric lighting and starting, electric and bulb

horns, Hartford shock absorbers, and full kit of tools.

In the Lancia design the chassis and body frame form one single unit, giving abundance of strength with lightness, and, consequent thereupon, greater running economy. Another excellent feature is the system of front wheel suspension. Each wheel is independently sprung (a spring coil enclosed in a cylindrical oil bath), so that even were one to run a wheel forcibly against the pavement, very little shock would be felt, while the equilibrium of the car would be entirely unaffected. Further, being lowly built, the car holds the road remarkably well, even while "cornering" at high speeds; and the four wheel brakes, of efficient design, will bring the car to a standstill from any speed, 4 or 70 m.p.h., in an amazingly short period of time. Gear-changing is simple, "get-away" is good, the engine silent—in fact, it is a thoroughly delightful car, and especially so at £595!



Comfort is a conspicuous feature of the Lancia. The instrument board is well equipped, the upholstery is excellent, and everything in the way of controls situated "just to hand."



Another good feature is the novel housing of the petrol tank in a quickly accessible compartment at the rear of the car. Above the tank is a spacious travelling case.

BY THE OLD LYCH GATE, CHIDDINGFOLD.



The "Lambda" Lancia has many pleasing features—grace, speediness and strength; is of special construction, the chassis and body frame forming one unit; and on account of its low-built design it holds the road remarkably well. Absolute safety is assured by efficient and powerful four-wheel brakes.

## TWICE ACROSS AUSTRALIA.

*Being extracts from the thrilling story, by J. L. Simpson, M.B.E., F.R.C.I., of the wonderful tour across unknown Australia in a British car.*

**I**N these days of fast motoring roads it will interest those who drive under normal conditions to read of the experiences of a hardy trio of travellers who recently completed a hazardous journey from Sydney to Port Darwin and back—a total distance of 6,200 miles—over country where pitfalls abounded and roads were not.

The undertaking of this remarkable journey was not in any way intended to be a motoring "stunt." It was the method employed to obtain first-hand information regarding the little-known regions of the Australian continent, and the motor car was selected as the more up-to-date alternative to the camel usually employed as the means of locomotion in the interior.

The writer acted as driver and engineer; Mr. W. H. Ellis—a gentleman whose written word is not unknown in circles where Australian political economy is discussed, hereinafter referred to as "Jimmy"—was the Special Commissioner appointed by the promoters of the expedition; whilst the third member of the party was the famous Australian explorer, Mr. Francis Birtles, a gentleman with a wonderful and unique experience of bush conditions.

Spares and equipment for the car represented in themselves a formidable item, as so much special tackle had to be carried—medical requirements, guns and ammunition, two dogs, and every kind of fishing tackle. Rations carried were flour, compressed vegetables, bovril, tea, rice, sugar, salt, tinned fish and meat, and a huge block of chocolate, the larder being added to by purchase *en route* or, failing this, by our guns.

Camping equipment and personal baggage completed the load which, when leaving Sydney on June 14th, 1924, made our 14 h.p. car turn the scale at 44 cwt. gross. Small wonder the heart of the writer showed distinct signs of misfiring!

And now for the journey. From Sydney, over the Blue Mountains, through Bathurst to Dubbo was plain sailing for 500 miles, and we camped on our second night between Narramine and Nevertire. Rain fell during the night and our first experience of black soil road lay ahead. We donned our chains and were soon axle deep in the worst type of glutinous mud

in the world, of such a clinging nature that the car would come to a standstill in bottom gear through sheer tractive resistance. We did 12 miles in six hours and chains were used for 200 miles to Bourke.

From there our route lay through Hungerford, Eulo, Cheepie, and Issisford to Longreach. By this time we had been on the road a week, and our mileage stood well over the thousand mark. We took two days' rest and at the same time built up our springs to receive their maximum load. So far we had not carried more than 30 gallons of petrol—supplies having been arranged for at various points by our friends the British Imperial Oil Co.—but at Dajarra, we collected some 90 gallons of petrol and six gallons of oil, to carry us across the Northern Territory to the Katherine River—some 1,320 miles! The stowage of this load required a little ingenuity, but by the time Francis had unpacked and repacked about three times we were all able to find a perch on the car.

From Lake Nash we crossed the border back into Queensland at Camooweal, as this was the recommended best track. Our course from Camooweal led us across the Northern Territory over the property of Alexandria—one of Australia's biggest cattle stations—and across Brunette Downs to Anthony's Lagoon. From here we struck due north over Walhollow Down to Boroloola, on the McArthur estuary. We expected at Boroloola to pick up food supplies, particularly flour. To our disappointment, however, we found that Boroloola had not seen a supply boat for six months!

We left Boroloola taking a south-westerly course over the most difficult section of our journey, the country between Boroloola and the overland telegraph line never having been traversed previously by motor-vehicle. If ever there was real necessity for bushcraft it was during this apparently interminable 360 miles of virgin bush, marked in places by misleading tracks and over country of the roughest possible nature.

Our arrival in Darwin naturally created a little sensation, as ours happened to be the first car which had travelled overland from Sydney to Port Darwin direct, and also the first car for sixteen years to do a journey between Katherine River and Port Darwin.

We did our little social rounds and finally turned out to retrace our track back to the Katherine River. At the Katherine we again picked up considerable petrol and oil supplies sufficient to carry us 900 miles as far as the Alice Springs, the geographical centre of Australia. At Alice Springs we had been given permission by the Administrator of the Northern Territory to pick up petrol which lay in reserve for him at the local store.

We bade farewell to Alice Springs and set out on the difficult journey to Oudnadatta, a distance of 340 miles. This distance is almost without exception heavy sand and includes the negotiation of the notorious Depot sand hills and other obstacles.

With much expert negotiation on the part of Birtles in the selection of crossings we were able to get through under our own power. One hundred and twenty miles short of Oudnadatta we had the misfortune to run out of oil, not because we were carrying insufficient, but unfortunately our last tin had got damaged and when it was required we found we were carrying an "empty" instead of a "full." The oil shortage was remedied by melting up half a gallon of beef dripping with our existing conglominate fats, and to our delight the lubricating system worked beautifully!

The last stretch occupied only three and a half days, and, true to schedule, we arrived in Carrington Square, Sydney, at 12.45 p.m., to be received very warmly. To the civilised eye we must have appeared, to quote an Australianism, as "rough as bags," but even so there were no three healthier and fitter men in the whole city.

We all agreed that the Bean car which had been our friend and unsailing link between "outback" and the usual haunts of mankind, looked like "nothing on earth." With little of her original paint showing, running boards torn adrift, mud wings conspicuous by their absence, the bumper bar twisted and bent, her once gleaming radiator horribly disfigured, she certainly appeared to be a real derelict. She had no reason to feel shame, however, for she had won through when reliability was vital.

J. L. S.

## THROUGH THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.



The wife and dependents of the aboriginal cook employed by the Expedition on the MacArthur Estuary.



The Bean "Fourteen" after it had been lifted out of an Artesian bore-drain with the aid of a windlass.

A grass-grown crevasse in the virgin bush, into which the car was inadvertently driven.

The car sits on its petrol tank in the dry bed of the Templeton River. And the passengers found room!

A Northern Territory buffalo shot on the Mary River in Arnhemland. Mr. J. L. Simpson is seen sitting on his prize.



## SWITZERLAND—THE MOTORIST'S PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE.



Montreux, at the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva, is one of the most beautiful lake towns in Switzerland.



The pretty little town of Weggis, with its cherry orchards and distant view of the snow-clad Alps.

THE word "Switzerland" for thousands of holiday makers conjures up chiefly in their minds visions of lakes, valleys, and, above all, high mountains and mountain passes. To many, who have year after year gone to some climbing centre such as Grindelwald, Pontresina or Zermatt, the name does not suggest the possibility, let alone the charms, of motoring. And yet many habitual holiday makers who go to the land of the Cantons, lakes and mountains who are motorists might well take their cars with them, or, failing that, hire a car at Bâle, Berne, Lucerne or Geneva, and see some of the lesser-known beauties, which they have probably hitherto overlooked.

Travelling in Switzerland has been made very pleasant and easy. The Swiss have exploited their country and its picturesque charms with great energy and skill. It has become known as "The Playground of Europe." It offers attractions for all tastes. Perhaps the worst thing about it is that there is so much that is beautiful and interesting to see that one can scarcely hope to cover it, small country, comparatively speaking, though it is, in only one or two visits. One knows from experience that when one has settled down in a particularly beautiful spot some newcomer is sure to tell one of something much better just round the corner!

It is here that the owner of a car may reckon to count. He is not dependent upon railways, and he has some hundreds of miles of fine roads through enchanting scenery to explore.

Every foreign motorist on entering Switzerland is given a booklet by the Federal Department of the Interior, printed in four languages, which contains the motoring regulations of the various Cantons. Every particular regarding customs, other regulations, responsibility in case of accidents, traffic, and the various routes can be ascertained from the General Secretary of the Swiss Automobile Club, Geneva, or of the Secretaries of the sections grouped under Lucerne, St. Gall and Zurich.

There are nowadays on most of the Alpine roads in summer good services of cars, motor diligences, and also, in many cases, private touring cars are available, so that those motorists who do not care to incur the expense or trouble of taking their own cars across Channel can still see Switzerland in the way in which they would most willingly choose.



The lake of Brienz, with a fine motoring road running along its shores.



Interlaken, showing the famous view of the Jungfrau.



## March may be Fickle——— but Sunbeam Equipment is Staunch

Experience has taught many motorists the delights of the open car even in the fickle months of early spring. But it needs the staunchness of Sunbeam all-weather equipment to defy the changes which may come between sunrise and sunset of a single day. Note the attractive lines of this

12/30 h.p. Sunbeam. Packed away out of sight, but conveniently to hand, is an equipment which will keep out the keenest wind and the heaviest rain. And Sunbeam quality is built into this high-grade, efficient, and economical car—down to the smallest detail. The Treasury Tax is only £12.

## THE SUPREME **SUNBEAM**

12/30 h.p. Touring Car with All-weather Equipment **£570**

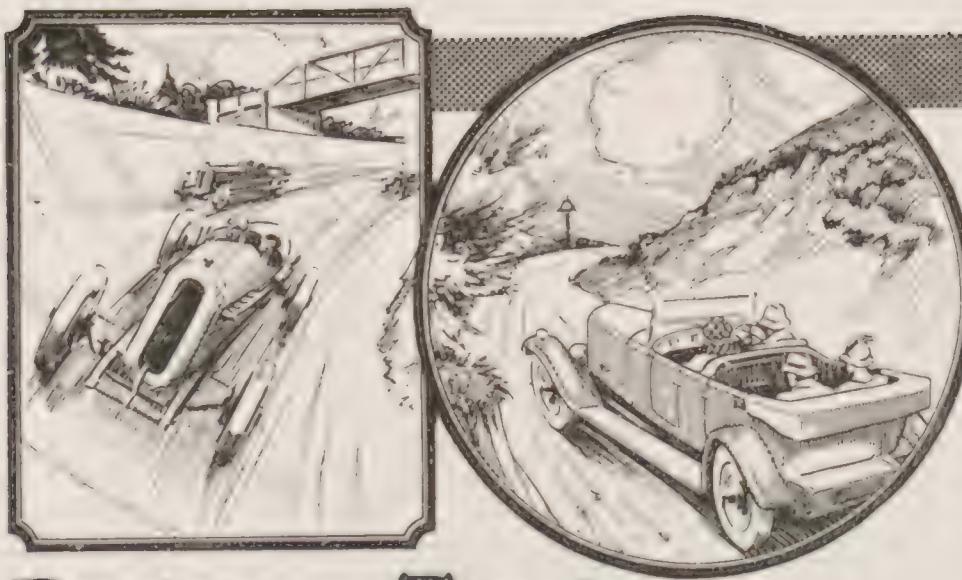
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20/60 h.p. Touring Car **£950.**

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HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL RUN!

*WHEN THE "WONDER" WAS AT SHREWSBURY.*

*To the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, the "Motor-Ownerist," in the course of his travels a-wheel will have run up against not a few of Britain's old coaching inns—glorious relics still of a lively age. The Lion, Shrewsbury, is one of them, and, in many ways, almost the most famous.*

HERE are few merrier pastimes on the road than that of hunting up the old and famous inn. An inn is famous either because of itself or of something that occurred in it to make it famous. Colnbrook's Ostrich, by virtue of the sixty murders there committed, did not need Dick Turpin to set the seal on its fame (or <sup>the</sup> time infamy); Canterbury's Royal <sup>the</sup> Inn, reputed to be 900 years old, the story that the four knights who murdered Thomas à Becket in the cathedral there (1170) completed the details of their grim hazard; or, indeed, the Spaniards on Hampstead Heath the incarceration there by a clever landlord of the Gordon Rioters bent on firing Lord Mansfield's seat at Caen Wood hard by—of these historic places is known for <sup>more</sup> than these things set down to them. Diametrically opposed is the Lion at Shrewsbury, the home of the wonderful "Wonder"; or the Mitre at Oxford, and the Shakespeare Hotel at Stratford-on-Avon, both of which the motorist from the south can take in on his way to Salop. Just as *Universitas* made the Mitre's fame, so did the English Bard that of the charming hostelry that bears his name. Accordingly, the story of Shrewsbury's "Wonder" is the fascinating story of the "England's Crack Drag" she was called: England's crack drag she was.

Here, at the Lion, her northern headquarters on the daily London-Shrewsbury run—(there were real "Wonders," one up and <sup>the</sup> other down)—amidst the many coaches plying other routes she was as the 1925 model ready for the road compared with the motor manufacturer's best effort of 1904—such was her speed and her daring, her punctuality and <sup>time</sup>, the beauty of her turns, <sup>and</sup> her speed; but, then, they <sup>had</sup> to wait hours, and pass other coaches over, for the honour and <sup>privilege</sup> of a seat on the "Wonder." The "Wonder," driven of famous Sam Hayward, prince of Jehus, who would take her up the hill to the Lion at the finish of the last lap at full trot, and,

easing not a yard in a headlong flight, rake her round under the old yard archway with not a foot to spare on either side. Fine driving, ye'll allow, but all in the day's work to Sam Hayward. It was his boast that he accomplished this feat for sixteen years without a single mistake and without ever once being ten minutes late. There was no speed limit in those spacious days!

Hectic years that have long since gone—days when the nimble "Wonder" would fly across the country at the almost incredible speed of fourteen miles an hour and compass the 154 mile journey in eleven hours!

Came the railway, and with it the gradual passing of the "Wonder" and its contemporaries. Where the huge box coats; where the tarpaulin aprons, the deep soup-dish buttons? Where the low hats of most capacious brim, the gay 'kerchieves wrapped round ruddy chin on foggy morn? All this, the glory of the road, was taken away. Years later, the King's highway was re-born, buzzed again—to the purr of a thousand cylinders!

Again may we draw a striking similarity—and withal a contrast!—in the state of the roads then and now. The time was when on the northern roads during the daylight hours some one coach or other could have been held in sight the whole time, so many were they. To-day, please, the Portsmouth road, for one!

In the Lion of to-day coaching echoes naturally abound. Witness, adorning the walls of the old booking-office in the yard, the key-bugles once sounded by the "guards" of the "Wonder" and another, the "Hirondelle"; the post-horn which was the property of the London Mail; the fenestral doggerel which, in place, reads: "The 'Wonder' came this morning in a gallop from Wolverhampton all the way to Salop."

Though Dickens and "Phiz" were here in 1838—when their room overhanging the street like a ship's cabin—though De Quincey stayed at the Lion, though Prince Hal there lodged after the battle of Shrewsbury, above all else the Lion is the "Wonder"; literary associations of warlike echoes notwithstanding, it is a coaching inn of inns. And where was comfort and quiet-kind for travellers that way, so is there for the car-owner of to-day.

Talking in terms of inns, the motorist who essays this trip from the south may compass it by way of Oxford and the Mitre, Stratford and the priceless Shakespeare, Broadway and the Lygon Arms (thence by way of Brum and Wolverhampton); or, leaving Oxford, taking in Gloucester and the old New Inn, Tewkesbury, and Dickens' Hop Pole, thence through ancient Worcester, with Wolverhampton away on his right—either way a delightful and absorbing run and good roads all the time.

The Mitre and the Shakespeare are surely worthy of a visit. The Mitre, which has stood witness to the changing face of the University down through the centuries, where our late King would dine when, at Oxford in search of the higher learning, "he rode well to hounds," and "was kept in apple-pie order by General Bruce." The Shakespeare, which is so truly contemporary of the time of the Bard, whose rooms are named after his plays, or characters in his plays.

For those who would visit Shropshire from the north there are, to mention only two happy examples, the Dun Bull at Mardale, in the Lake District, and Harker's—another old coaching inn—at York, both of which, in the course of the next few months, may give way to the call of progression.



*The Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury.*

## A MIXED MEDLEY.

## MATTERS OF FEMININE MOMENT.

*Frocks—Hats—Motoring Wraps—Opals and Tailormades.*

**T**RADITIONS are strange things and often, if we knew their origin, they would dwindle like "Destiny" in Maeterlink's *The Blue Bird*. In the case of opals, the tradition of their ill luck is responsible for the fact that the price of these beautiful stones is not higher, since they are among the very few that cannot be cheaply imitated. But in reality the prejudice against them arose through the softness of the stone, that is easily chipped, cracked or shrunk in its setting, and therefore lost—a hopeless weakness in any jewel as a love token or memento.

A tradition that is fast fading in the quest of fashion for novelty is the unluckiness of green. At one time the wearing of a green gown was supposed to herald the wearing of a black one, and so be a precursor of sorrow; but since no woman of to-day would consider her wardrobe equipped without at least two black frocks, green has attained favour in several shades. But this season's green is neither the all-popular jade, of former days, nor the almond that wilted unhappily beside the natural green of spring. Paris is offering us a healthy bottle green that is even kinder to the fresh coloured Englishwoman than to the daughters of France.

This new shade lends itself admirably to the spring tailormade, which is our main standby during the fickle month of March. These tailormades are well suited to the needs of the motoring woman, since the redingote style, with its flared skirt to the coat, suggestion of waist, and greater length, are at once practical and becoming in the car; more so than the short hip-length coat and tight skirt. Skirts to-day are buttoned with three or five buttons from the hem upwards, which is again a thoughtful provision for the fair motorist. Decoration is secured by means of buttons, arrange-

ment of pattern in the cloth, by means of suède trimming, or last, but not least, by means of ornamental stitching. The *chic* of such garments lies not only in their original "cut," but is maintained as in a man's suit, by constant pressing, in order to retain a bandbox-like neatness of line.

In the case of coat frocks there is little fullness, and but scant suggestion of a waist; they are slim in line with basques and tunic tops; sometimes contrasting effects are achieved by an alliance of silk and cloth materials and in others by such a device as long scarf ends cut in one with the collar. In overcoats a broché repp has appeared and looks very well in the Directoire style, with three buttons and a wide Robespierre collar.

Cloaks and capes are being much worn in the south, but in truth they require "wearing." The happiest examples are in unlined materials, cloth, or kasha, embroidered by hand, in copper, or steel, or gold. They are expensive, but hang gloriously.

It is always the small details of dress that are the most amusing, whether one is packing a bag to go at one's feet in a small two seater, or a roomy motoring trunk for the luggage carrier of a Rolls-Royce touring car. Thus, if we have shingled our hair, or are about to do so—it would seem as if most of us came under one or other category—we can indulge in a new type of boudoir cap; the boudoir bandeau, which can fit snugly to the head and tie at the back, having the superlative merit that it cannot get untidy or sloppy looking.

If, on the other hand, we are seeking for something new in evening shoes, the very latest are those in velvet, painted in a floral design which is outlined in pokerwork. The proper escort to these *dessous* are stockings of the new rose shade—which is faintly shaded with smoke

blue—and garters of black velvet, decorated with monogram buckles in paste.

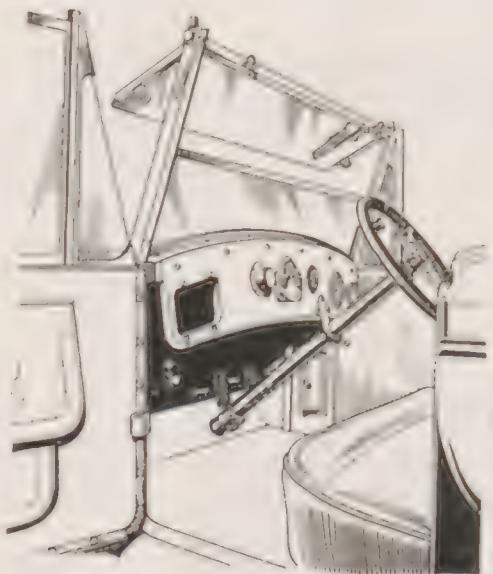
Hats are if anything smaller than ever. Some have no brim at all, and are carried out in satin, grosgrain, or straw. Some are trimmed with embroidery in designs of fruit, and satin or ribbon flowers. Brims, wearying of being turned up in front, show a preference for turning up at one side, or down in the front, and up at the back. Dark hats have a contrasting lining of some light shade, and herein we are brought straightway to one of the latest colour alliances of which we shall undoubtedly hear more as the season advances. Paris promises us that black and pim are to be among the leading colour schemes for summer frocks, and it is in the early models for these that we see the subtlety of the great French designers. In our tailormades severity is maintained to satisfy the most exactingly austere, and so our femininity cries out for reaction. In summer gowns we are to enjoy it! model in georgette had flounces with fullness drawn to the sides, leaving the back and front flat, while another had an overskirt open in front and of almost umbrella fullness. Bordered materials will be much in favour; silk muslin bordered with a contrasting edge, or flowered designs bordered with a self colour. Colour will be quite as important as design, and as the weather becomes milder we shall a return to soft shades of grey. tendency of gowns will be rather to mould the figure than suggest any definite waistline. The trend in millinery as the season advances will be towards a greater width over the ears. With the light summer hats with a softer, broader brim is inevitable. A contradiction of the short skirt is the return of narrow, pointed trains for evening gowns.

MOTORING FASHION FOR THE FAIR.



On the left is a motoring and sports suit—hand knitted—in a white and beige coloured design, trimmed with fur; while on the right is a second motoring and sports suit and cap in black, green and yellow plaid design, trimmed with fur, having a wide belt to be used either as a sash or scarf. ☙ Both are creations by Reville.

## THE 6-CYLINDER ROYAL A.C.—HIGH EXPECTATIONS REALISED.



(Left) The neat instrument board is here shown, with a handy parcels recess; the windscreens are of unusually efficient design—note the side panels—and there is a windscreen wiper. A two-way tap enables fuel to be used from a reserve one-gallon tank when the main tank is empty.

(Right) This sketch gives a better view of the full protection given to passengers from all undesirable draughts. The side windows may be raised or lowered to any height—one is shown partly raised; the nearer window is folded away.



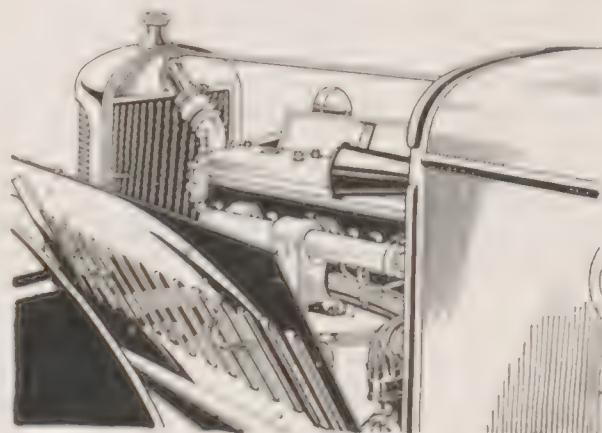
**G**REAT things are expected of light cars nowadays, and, as one must admit, often to a very unfair extent. The fact that some motorists, when considering the purchase of a light car, at so low a price, have in mind such desirable features as high power, lasting quality, luxurious comfort and pronounced economy—qualities found in the past only in the higher-priced vehicles—for this, light car manufacturers (hats off to them!) have only themselves to blame, because by continual advancement and productive improvement generally, they have educated the motoring community to these high expectations. Incidentally, British light cars have done much to develop this happy state of affairs—and one such car is the 6-cylinder Royal A.C.

It develops ample power; the 6-cylinder engine (overhead valves, bore and stroke of 65 by 100 mm. and rated at 15.7 h.p.) gives remarkable acceleration; a speed of forty miles per hour on second gear ensures fast running-time over hilly

country; while "top" is as flexible as from 5 to 60 m.p.h., and more—a few seconds difference in acceleration only! The secret of this efficient performance undoubtedly lies in a feature of its construction—i.e., scientific reduction of weight, whereby little of the engine's initial power is wasted in propelling an unnecessarily heavy body and chassis, as is so often the case.

Secondly, it holds a three-years guarantee for lasting good quality; thirdly, riding comfort, as we can vouch for, is a very prominent feature; while the fuel consumption of 25/30 m.p.g. can surely be classified as pleasingly economical.

A great attraction of the "open-closed" model, which we recently had on trial, is that it gives the full weather protection of a coupé when required, yet still retaining all the advantages of a normal open two-three seater. The lines of the A.C. car are undeniably graceful—who knows them not?—and altogether it is a very attractive proposition. Its price is £560.



Accessibility to all vital parts is a feature well thought out. One may see by the sketch above that one can get "right there" without breaking one's back, so to speak.



The dickey seat of the "open-closed" model is comfortable, spacious, and there is plenty of leg room. Tools are carried in the dickey seat compartment.

THE 6-CYL. ROYAL A.C. AT ABBOTTS ABBEY, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



Like the ivy on the wall, true friendship clings firmly. And between the new 6-cylinder Royal A.C. and its owner it might also be said that a good friendship exists, when one considers the former's ever-ready service to the latter.

## TESTS TO DESTRUCTION.

By Charles L. Freeston.

*The "test to destruction" is the drastic but also the only satisfactory way of determining the utility and practicability of any given component part.*

IT has always been a matter of surprise to me that those manufacturers who are really scientific and conscientious in their methods do not take the public more often into their confidence, and explain the systematic ways by which they arrive at their results. For there are two things which one invariably wants to know about any new model that may attract one's notice. Assuming that it embodies sundry innovations of design, one would be glad to learn to what extent these have been individually tested before being definitely incorporated as standing features of the chassis. Secondly—and this is more than ever a factor of importance in these days of cheap cars and quantity production—it is always a matter of concern to the prospective purchaser as to how far the completed car has been tried out on the road before delivery.

The "test to destruction," of course, is the drastic but also the only satisfactory way of determining the utility and practicability of any given component part. By artificial methods within the factory, or by intentionally unfair methods on the road, a part may be caused to cease to function or to break outright. Thereupon the designers can cast about for means to improve or strengthen it, if necessary; on the other hand, so much time or so much effort may have been required to bring about the failure as to encourage the belief that in ordinary use the part would never fail at all, and therefore needs no alteration.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that testing to destruction need not be a matter for the manufacturer alone, and I have just heard of a very novel development of the method. A large firm of importers, handling a great variety of cars, has under consideration at the present moment the claims of yet another make of car to be included on the list. Nothing could well be more satisfying than the way in which the issue is being determined. Sample cars have been given outright to some

forty agents up and down England and Scotland, with a request that the models should be tested to destruction on the road. Then, after a period, the agents will be asked whether they wish to place orders or otherwise for this particular type. The proof of the pudding is proverbially in the eating. If extensive orders come in, it will be an obvious indication that the agents have found the car to be sound and one that they can sell with confidence; if, on the other hand, they are merely inclined to order a limited number, or perhaps none at all, the big firm will wipe the slate forthwith. As a sign of the times this procedure is gratifying and commendable, and a vast improvement upon the days when American cars were dumped on to the British market without any testing whatsoever.

In the matter of factory testing I have never seen anything so elaborate and complete as the experimental department of the Rolls-Royce works at Derby, and, though the fact may not generally be known, there can be little doubt but that the reputation of that famous car for soundness has been built up on the results attained from tests to destruction indoors, supplemented by long distance trials on the road itself. Indeed, I was once assured that no new part was allowed to be embodied in a chassis until it had been driven for at least ten thousand miles on French roads. Two of the methods which I witnessed on a visit to the works may be briefly described herewith. I saw a chassis tethered to four revolving drums, one to each wheel. Each drum had an eccentric, differently timed from its fellows, and this arrangement caused the chassis to be violently bumped at each corner alternately. This oscillation would be kept up for many hours until some part would collapse under the tremendous and long-continued thumping of the chassis. Then the part would be examined, and means would be devised for strengthening it forthwith.

The other device was being tried for the first time on the day of my visit. It consisted of a long crank, akin to that of a railway locomotive, which worked at right angles to the centre of the side member of a chassis. At each revolution the crank, when fully extended, inflicted a frightful torsional stress on the whole chassis, bending the frame and twisting even the springs to a degree that could never be experienced in actual use on the road. The only conclusion I could come to was that any chassis that would withstand this appallingly brutal treatment for even a few minutes should be equal to any conditions that could be encountered on the roughest road in the world.

Unique at that time, too, if not still, was the department for testing steel by steam heat. So searching was this method, and so rigorous the consequent rejection of samples, that the firm had quite a difficulty in obtaining material for their chassis, the steel-founders complaining that everyone else was content to take steels which were ignominiously turned down by the Derby works! As the natural effect, however, would be to lead the steel-founders to produce something better, the result would ultimately not merely be for the benefit of the Rolls-Royce firm but for the industry as a whole.

Another praiseworthy method, which I witnessed in the Humber works, also calls for mention. It was not exactly a test to destruction, but it was both original and of great practical value. Every chassis when complete was suspended at an acute angle, and the engine, transmission and wheels were electrically driven in order to determine that the lubrication system throughout was satisfactory in respect of freedom from leakage through the bearings. Just twenty years ago I had a car that was wonderfully good for its period, but had the outstanding fault of a very leaky gear-box, which wasted much more oil from that car than it actually used up through friction. What was more or less excuse

BRITISH TESTS UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST.

in 1904 is unpardonable in 1925 ; yet I was driving only recently a light car which every night deposited large quantities of oil from the back axle on to the driving wheel tyres, and could only regret that the makers had not taken a leaf out of Messrs. Humber's book.

The firm of Delaunay-Belleville, in France, I was informed some years ago, had just spent £20,000 in the endeavour to effect improvements in rear axle design. They bought a Rolls-Royce, a Lanchester, a Cadillac, and other well-known cars, and with a picked band of testers, which included a Grand Prix winner, banged the chassis to destruction on the vile pavé round the fortifications of Paris, in order to see what could be learned from the process of demolition.

Two striking instances of the opposite extreme—that is to say, of supreme unconscientiousness—have fallen within my own experience. I was once pestered to make trial of an American car, and took it away accordingly for a week-end. Great stress was laid by the importer on its self-starter, but not only would this not function at the depot, attendant mechanics having to start the engine by hand after repeated attempts, but I had to do the same all the time I was away. Just before leaving, moreover, I noticed that the speedometer stood at 10 miles. "Is that as far as the car has been run?" I asked. "Oh, yes," was the airy response. "It was shipped straight from the factory without being run at all on the other side, and we have driven it to Hamps-

hire. Before I had driven the car two miles, the electric horn gave out completely, and no other was fitted ; I was then in the vortex of traffic at Hyde Park Corner. I drove without any horn at all to Wimbledon, and there

borrowed a bulb horn from a garage where I was well known. Then for three days I had the most unpleasant of experiences. The steering was so abominably stiff that it was difficult to keep the car on the crown of the road, and by the time I returned it to the depot my arms, even to my biceps muscles, were almost useless. The speed-changing, too, was the most awkward I ever came across, while to start the engine was purgatorial. Even when it was set going by injecting petrol to the cylinders, the engine would not pick up from the carburettor until the manœuvre had been repeated several times. Since then I have never tried an American car without making sure that it had been "run in" before I took it over.

The other unfortunate experience was characterised not only by unconscientiousness but also by sheer, blatant ignorance ; indeed, I doubt if the actual designer of the car concerned had ever sat behind a steering wheel. It was a post-war "assembled" vehicle made up of very miscellaneous components. An editor friend who had been asked to try it invited me to join him, and it was driven round to my place on the way to the editor's office. I noticed at once that the chauffeur was constantly depending upon his hand brake, but I forbore any comment for the moment as I expected to be at the helm myself later on. When we picked up my friend he asked me to drive, but forthwith I found to my astonishment that I could not get my knees under the steering wheel, although I am of spare build and only 5 ft. 10½ in. in height. He, however, being a much shorter man, contrived somehow to wriggle himself into the driving seat, though I did not envy him his cramped position. Very soon, as I expected, he remarked that the

foot-brake was unusable—not from lack of adjustment, but simply because the pedal was placed so close to the steering column that no one with a foot bigger than a small child's could possibly apply any pressure upon it, to say nothing of fouling the accelerator pedal. Nor was this all ; I do not propose to waste time in enumerating the amazing shortcomings of that machine, but will merely remark that before our journey was at an end, no fewer than nine separate and complete absurdities had disclosed themselves. The car, I may add, never succeeded in gaining a market, and I doubt if a single model was ever sold ; but I marvel to this day how it ever came to be flung together in such impracticable form, or how its sponsors dared for a moment to submit it to an independent trial.

This mass of crudities, of course, was an exceptional case, and in no sense typical. But there have undoubtedly been too many instances in the past of cars being put upon the market that appeared to be adequate in every way at the outset, but revealed serious faults in the first two or three hundred miles. The onus of discovering these has been cast upon the owner, whereas all the weaknesses of which he has had to bear the brunt should, and could, have been discovered by efficient testing by the designers and producers themselves. Every year shows an improvement in this respect, however, and the care that is now manifested in many quarters presages a day when all cars on offer will be sound in every detail of design and workmanship. Choice will be determined solely by one's individual preferences as to type and one's own appraisement of the best value for money ; but there will be no fear of "buying a dud."



Beauties of the lesser frequented track.

## THE VITAL QUESTION OF DEPRECIATION.

By Roland Johnson.

*There is no standard basis for second-hand car prices. The price of a second-hand car depends vastly on the manner of its upkeep.*

THE financial aspect of buying, running and eventually selling a car is one that in the majority of cases is the most important factor. Few of us can afford to neglect it. Had we all our choice, no doubt, we would buy Rolls-Royces in boxes of a dozen, assorted sizes and colours.

There is such a vast difference between the cost of a new car and the price obtained when it is sold a few years later, that many must hesitate before they take the step that saddles them with such heavy depreciation.

The Americans buy a cheap car—run it to death—and sell it for scrap. The first cost is considered as a current expenditure and not as a capital charge.

We English, on the other hand, buy a car to make it last—a car which is made to last—and the heavy initial expenditure is eliminated over a number of years by the process of depreciation. The wise purchaser weighs up the *pros* and *cons* and asks himself, "How much longer will this car at £300 last me, compared to this other car at £500?" To take a typical example, he pays £500 for a five-seater touring model of medium power which has a golden name on the second-hand market. At the end of four years he sells it for £250. His depreciation has cost him something over sixty pounds a year.

There is, of course, that admirable type of motorist who bought a car fifteen years ago and means to run it until it dies. They are to be found in the streets every day (probably outside the most expensive shops, too!)—1908 chariots with their tenth coat of paint most beautifully polished, and an aged ex-coachman perched up in the chauffeur's seat. In this case depreciation is more or less nonexistent—the car will never be sold—its venerable old age will be spent in the garage.

The average motorist, however, prefers to keep up to date, and is prepared to pay for doing so. Four or

five years is the best of the life of a car, and after that period, assuming that it has had normal use, the costs of upkeep and repairs will have assumed an uneconomical figure.

The average motorist is therefore faced with a heavy depreciation, and if he is a wise man he will see to it that the amount is kept down to a minimum. How much depreciation he will suffer depends almost entirely upon how much trouble he is prepared to take to maintain his car in decent condition.

The author has, in the course of a few years, bought and sold some hundreds of cars. One fact stands out quite clearly. There is no standard basis for second-hand car prices. Everything depends upon the external and internal condition. If the car looks like new and behaves like new, then it will fetch an exceedingly high price. A coat of paint at a cost of £12 goes a long way, and has been known to be worth as much as £75 to the selling price. Ridiculous! Oh—but how true!

Let us imagine that you have a car and that in the course of one or two years you will sell it to buy a new model. You wish to lose as little money

on depreciation as possible. In other words, you are prepared to begin right away to see that your car will fetch a high price when the time comes to part. There are three deciding factors—three pegs on which the whole question hangs:—

1. *Make, type, and year of manufacture.*—Before buying a new car, it is well to study second-hand prices and to be certain that your choice is not one of the many makes that fetch only half-price a year later.

2. *External condition.*—You may wish to spend a lot of money in maintaining the beautiful shine of a new delivered model, but there is more that can be done that for a small cost has great effect. Good furniture cream protects paint-work and varnish and imparts a gloss. It forms a film that more or less eliminates scratches and cracks. Furniture cream should be applied also to the upholstery, at least once in every three months. Five minutes with a clean cloth will effect wonders.

3. *Internal condition.*—Careful driving and prompt attention to minor complaints helps to maintain the silent and smooth running that is the first and most obvious sign of a good sound car. Rattles should be cured. Careful common-sense driving will not only be more pleasant for the passengers but also more economical. In the transmission—a bugbear that gives not only uneven running at high speeds but also much noise—is almost invariably caused by bad driving. If you wish to sell at a high price in ten years to come, look after your car and drive it as if it had a soul.

Experienced motorists and dealers who are out to buy a second-hand car can make a decision in only one or two minutes. A brief survey of the exterior condition, and a few hundred yards along the road, will tell them more or less all that they require to know to fix a price.

What the price is—and the difference between what you paid and what you will sell for—rests in your own hands.



Cheer up—Summer is coming.

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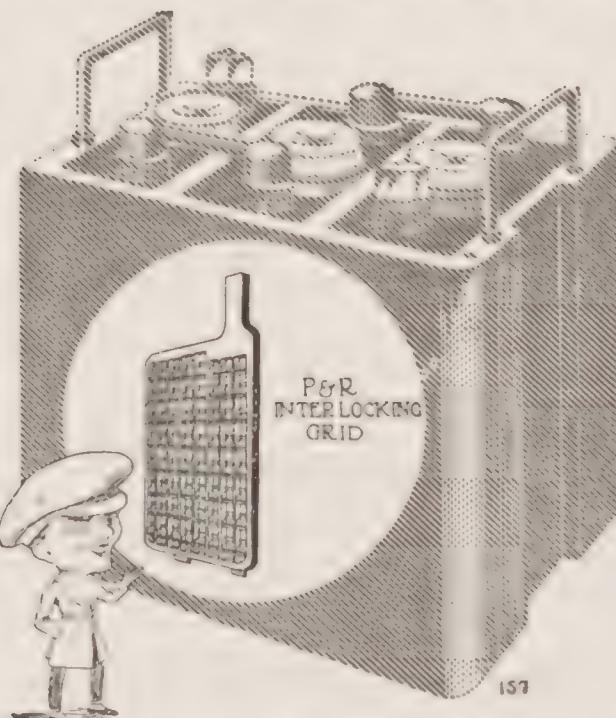
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## WEATHERWORN RED BRICK AND MULLIONED WINDOWS.

**A**LL those who know Surrey will be prepared to admit there are few counties which out-rival it in beauty, and that it has a charm quite its own. If we were asked to describe it in a few words we should be inclined to speak of it as the county of sunshine, hills, woods, and commons. The latter in season ablaze with yellow gorse, white with hawthorn, or pink with the bloom of wild roses.

Dorking, picturesque, and with its old-world air and memories of Sam Weller at the bar of the "Marquis of Granby" with his mother-in-law, and Mr. Stiggins who made toast and sipped pineapple rum and water, makes an excellent centre, both geographically and from the point of interest, from which to explore Surrey. Motorists will not, of course, find "The Marquis," but most people will lessen their disappointment by deciding that in the "White Horse" Inn, in the High Street, gabled and mellow with age, they have discovered the "place of entertainment" in the bar of which Dickens placed his immortal characters.

One delightful little tour out of Dorking is commenced by going northward to world-famous Box Hill. One remembers that it was hereabouts, at Burford Bridge, that George Meredith, one of the great Victorian novelists, had his home, and that in the chalet looking out over the Surrey hills he wrote several of his wonderful novels, and much of his poetry.

Box Hill must be one of the most famous hills in the world. It is surrounded by some of the most exquisite of Surrey scenery, and the Box-trees, from which it takes its name, are the tallest in England.

Then the pleasant road, not a great highway, runs north-eastward to Walton Heath, famous for its golf course, and the pretty village of Walton-on-the-Hill, which boasts a church containing the only leaden font in the county, one of the finest workmanship, with the lead apertures encircling the bowl. There

### THREE PLEASANT MOTOR RUNS.

WITH the approach of spring and the lengthening of the days, motorists are already looking forward to many pleasant runs—of an evening maybe; a whole day's trip; or even an extended tour over the weekend. Sometimes, however, one is a little puzzled for a suitable objective—something to make the run worth while. And it is here that we can be of very great assistance. Each of the three following tours have much of historical and picturesque interest:—(1) In and about Surrey; (2) The Heart of the Midlands; and (3) Delightful Sussex.

The famous Lambert's Oaks stand on the downs where Lord Derby's roistering guests, many years ago, founded great races, and where, when he married Lady Betty Hamilton, Lord Stanley gave a famous open air fête, which Horace Walpole said would cost £5,000. Banstead is an unimportant village, but in the church are many memorials to the Lamberds, a famous old Surrey family.

The Downs are delightful on spring, summer or autumn days, and are "sun traps," and breezy.

Our road lies still northward until one comes at Mitcham almost within the grasp of Greater London. Mitcham is famous for two things, its shag—or rather the variety of the "divine weed" which has been given its name—and that sweeter scented thing, lavender. Mitcham, indeed, seems to grow all sweet-scented and old-fashioned flowers, and is fragrant with them in summertime. Its famous and picturesque green may be called the Hambleton of Surrey, for on it have been played many historic matches, and around it to-day are gathered many memories of great Surrey cricket and cricketers.

Croydon has little that need detain one. But one may see the Archbishop's Palace, which, to tell the truth, seems strangely out of place amid tram lines and a very modern and bustling town. It stands apart

from the town, and has a somewhat neglected air. Since it last saw an archbishop within its walls in the reign of George II, it has served many purposes; among them as business premises for a calico printer, and as a wash-house. It is a fine and neglected relic of the romantic and historic past, and deserves to be restored and treasured. It possesses, amongst other things, a great banqueting hall, with a fine roof of Spanish chestnut.

The other notable thing that Croydon possesses, but does not, perhaps, sufficiently appreciate, is Whitgift's Hospital, which remains to-day almost as left by its founder. In a maelstrom



One delightful tour out of Dorking is commenced by going Northward to the world-famous Box Hill. Here we see a party admiring the countryside.

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## MEMORIES OF HENRY VIII AND ANNE BOLEYN.

of bustle and traffic it stands, built of weatherworn red brick and with mullioned windows. Within is ancient peace, with windows looking out over closely shaven lawns, flower beds, and flagged garden paths.

One reaches the "Swan and Sugar Loaf," and turning left the road runs south to Sanderstead, a tiny village reached through beautiful country. The next place the route touches is Warlingham, standing grouped round a pretty green, and possessing that agreeable adjunct, a pleasant inn, at which to lunch or have tea. The church is at the end of a chestnut avenue, and formerly stood in the fields. The tiny building is curious, with an unusual sense of light and airiness. It has been admirably restored. One reaches Woldingham, on a broad and breezy plateau, bearing to the right. The little village lies on the edge of a chalk ridge, from which one obtains a fine view. Or, as most do, from Warlingham, one goes on to Limpsfield through Titsey, and down the noted hill.

Limpsfield is certainly a picturesque place, with many old cottages and one large house with a fine frontage right on the roadway well worthy of notice. One should not, too, if interested in ancient buildings of a charming type, miss Detilens, a little house of great antiquity hidden in the main street.

The turning to the right takes one on to Oxted, which has more little inns, we fancy, than any other village of its size, and a street hard to match for picturesque charm. Each little inn has its sign, indeed, the place has a gallery of them; and stone steps and raised alleys run to the doorways of the cottages bordering the road. Brick and timber weather-beaten cottages; and the old Bell Inn, with the great gilded bell hung out to snare the eye of travellers.

Oxted sets itself on its hillside with gracious charm. Its church is a fine one, with a short, but noble and massive tower that impresses one with a sense of quiet strength

## ROUTE No. 1.

Dorking to Walton-on-the-Hill (5½ miles), Mitcham Green (8½), Croydon (4), Sanderstead (5), Titsey (5), Limpsfield (1½), Crowhurst (4½), Lingfield (2½), Smallfield (5½), Newdigate (8), and thence to Dorking (6½). Approx. total, 56½ miles.



and permanence. Past the Bell Inn our road lies to Crowhurst, whose churchyard, on a hill, holds an ancient yew tree, much battered by age and tempest. Hard by is a delightful farmhouse, once a manor house of one of the great families of the place, now extinct.

The beautiful old moated manor-house—now a farm—of the Gaynesfords, Crowhurst Place, should not be overlooked; it stands about a mile out of the village on the Lingfield Road. It is partly timbered and partly brick, and dates certainly from the time of Henry VII, and probably earlier. It has a strange beauty—this ancient house—with some of its walls rising out of and glassing themselves in the still waters of the surrounding moat. There is a fine hall, and much ancient furniture. Henry VIII, it is said, frequently visited Crowhurst Place, when on his way to Hever Castle to court Anne Boleyn.

Lingfield, a few miles farther on, has a number of quaint timbered houses, including the Old Star Inn, and a remarkable butcher's shop which is thought to date from 1520. Some of its projecting beams rest on pillars which are bent with age. There is a fine church, mainly perpendicular, rebuilt in 1431, and probably containing more interesting memorials than any other church in Surrey.

Our route is now westward across country to Smallfield and Horley. The latter is nowadays rather more than the pretty village it once was. It has two good old-fashioned country inns, notably the quaint "Six Bells."

One of three villages which group themselves south and south-west of Leith Hill is Newdigate, of which the church is the most important part. The tower is built of oak, and fine beams—like those of Thursley—support the belfry. The bells of Newdigate are sweet-sounding and far-famed, and the records of their ringers are on wooden panels in the belfry. In autumn the shingled spires of the Wealden churches are strangely beautified, and much frequented by migratory swallows and martins preparing for their long flight, and laying their bodies against the wooden shingles of the roofs warmed by the sun.

Still across country, bearing slightly to the right and northwards, to Beare Green, and then the straight high road takes us back to Dorking.



Limpsfield, undoubtedly one of the most charming and picturesque villages in Surrey. It is full of quaint old-world cottages, as illustrated.

L L R O U N D T H E W R E K I N .

**F**RANKLY, the first twenty miles or so of our second route has little to recommend it in the way of scenery or interest; but we shall make ample amends for our lapse from the beautiful after we have covered the distance which separates us from Weston-under-Lizard. After all, as somebody has remarked, "if you want to get somewhere, you must often be content to pass through anywhere."

Remembering that consolatory axiom, we leave Birmingham by the road to Erdington, and just after we pass through that village take the branch road which leads by Brownhills, where we join another main road for Cannock. Reaching there, we turn to the left, rejoin the Shrewsbury road, and a straight run of ten miles brings us to the quaintly-named and charming village of Weston-under-Lizard, situated in well-wooded country. Just past the third mile-stone after leaving Weston we turn into a pretty byway for Shifnal, a town of picturesque black and white houses. Here, we join the Wolverhampton-Wellington-Shrewsbury road by turning to the left.

Passing through Wellington, once known as Watling Town from the Roman highway which crosses it, we enter the eleven and a half miles run which will land us at Shrewsbury; and a wonderful run it is. On the left we see the Wrekin—that noble hill rising 1,335 feet above sea level—wrinkled and dignified with age; dearly loved by all Salopians, as witness the county toast, "All round the Wrekin," which has done duty at convivial gatherings for many generations, and is still drunk in all parts of the world when Shropshire folk forgather.

At Shrewsbury we make our first stop, for here is much to note and much to dream of. *En passant*—if you would comply with the custom of "Proud Salop" you must drop the "e" in the name of the county's capital, thus making it Shropshire. The natives have

ROUTE No. 2.

Birmingham to Cannock (19½ miles), Weston-under-Lizard (11), Shifnal (5), Shrewsbury (17½), Much Wenlock (12), Church Stretton (12½), Craven Arms (8½), Stokesay Castle (1½), Ludlow (6½), Bridgnorth (18½), Kidderminster (16), thence to Birmingham (17). Approximate total—145 miles.



Beautiful Ludlow viewed from one of its ancient bridges. Few towns can excel it in historical associations and wonderful buildings. Its castle and cathedral-like parish church are fine examples of their period.

archæological warrant for their spelling, inasmuch as the founder of the town was one Scrob, a Saxon lord.

Wandering through the quaintly-named streets of the town, you will find nearly every one graced by mediæval houses. There are notable examples in Butchers' Row, and the Market Place, with its Elizabethan Market House. The public library and museum is a sixteenth century building, once the Grammar School.

In Wyle Cop, a steep, much-winding street, there is the fine old coaching inn, "The Lion," the ballroom of which De Quincey utilised in *The Mail Coach*.

There are still parts of the city walls remaining.

In Abbey Foregate we see the beautiful ruins of that Abbey, built by a pious Earl of Shrewsbury, who, forsaking the world, died in 1094 as a monk in the building he had erected to the glory of his Maker.

The old Castle, built of deep-red sandstone, was once a fortress of military importance, but is now relegated to the position of County Gaol.

Although not on our direct route, we use the car to take us the three miles along the Shrewsbury-Newcastle-under-Lyme Road to the spot where the battle of Tewkesbury was fought. That memorable fight of 1403, in which Harry Hotspur, son of the aged Duke of Northumberland, was killed, and

Henry IV signally put an end to the pretensions of the Percys, the important Northumbrian family who, up to then, had held great baronial feudal powers by reason of their large northern possessions acting as a buffer between England and Scotland—a position which warranted their keeping an enormous military retinue.

We leave the peninsula formed by the Severn on which Shrewsbury is built, by the road we originally took from Wellington, but at the towering Lord Hill Monument branch off to the right into the Wenlock country, running through Cound to Much Wenlock, so named, one

## IF IT IS HISTORY YOU WANT—VISIT LUDLOW!

supposes, to distinguish it from the little Wenlock a few miles away. The going is good and the country very pretty, with another distant view of Wrekin on the left, and the crest of Wenlock Edge ahead. Harley Hill, up which we climb, is long and steep, with a gradient of 1 in 8; but our well-tuned engine carries us up bravely on bottom gear, and so we reach Much Wenlock, perched at a great height on the top of Wenlock Edge.

We stop at the town to view the ruins of the Priory and the timbered Market Hall, which contains the old stocks mounted on wheels. Presumably, offenders locked in the wooden embrace were moved from spot to spot in the town, a refinement of punishment of which we do not remember another example.

Leaving the ancient town, we forsake the main road to make another of those *détours* we love. Turning off to the right, we take the by-road for Church Stretton, through the picturesque country bounded by the Long-mynd Hills, which rise to a height of 1,600 feet. Small wonder that the combination of bracing air and beautiful scenery have made Church Stretton a popular health resort.

Here we rejoin the main road, turning to the left for Stokesay Castle, which we reach after passing the Craven Arms at the cross roads.

We must plead ignorance as to the history of Stokesay Castle, but we do know that its claim to beauty is unimpeachable, and it would be a sin against the canons of ancient architecture to pass by without visiting its grey, old, battlemented towers and wonderful entrance gate. This half-timbered, finely-carved portal, with iron studded doors on each side of its main entrance, is a thing of sheer beauty. Yes, we scent romance in Stokesay Castle, and shall take an early opportunity of learning all about it.

A six mile run brings us to Ludlow, a very wonderful and ancient town, with many old buildings which claim our attention. Amongst these the fine specimens in Cove Street, with their overhanging upper storeys and geometrically arranged timber, especially appeal to us. It is in this street also that we find "The Feathers," an inn which is a perfect gem of carving and quaintly leaded windows. The interior of the structure is also very beautiful, with its panelling, chimney-

pieces, and finely enriched plaster ceilings. The inn was certainly in existence as a hostelry in 1616, for it was in this year it received its name in honour of the then Prince of Wales.

If it is history you want, then Ludlow can give you full measure and running over. In its old Castle, dating back to the eleventh century, the government of the Marches of Wales was centred. A no light undertaking, for those turbulent, fighting Welshmen were no respecters of border-lands, and the English no whit behind when "scrapping" was to be done. It was within these walls that the boy prince, son of Edward VI, was stopping when his father died. And from here he set out for London to claim his throne. Poor little king for a mere two months, and those spent in the Tower of London, where death came to him, together with his brother, the still younger Duke of York, at the hands of the cowardly murderer sent by their blood-thirsty uncle, Richard III! And they were only manikins eleven and twelve years of age! Another tragedy connected with the Castle was the death there of young Prince Arthur in 1502. He was that prince of whom his father, Henry VII, had entertained such high hopes. The Royal Financier—during his reign he

accumulated a hoard of £1,800,000, mainly by extortion—had called his son by the name of the traditional hero of chivalry, and designed that he should emulate those glorious records. The King, a wise and skilful diplomat, had arranged an alliance with Spain by the union of Prince Arthur, aged 14, to Catharine of Aragon, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. And the bride of 15 was a widow one year later. Enough of sadness. The sun shines, and the town beckons us to explore its beauties still further. There is that wonderful corner, The Narrows, between Bull Ring and the Butter Cross, and the fourteenth century bridge across the river Teme for Ludford; the equally lovely one known as Dingham at the other end of the town; the fifteenth century church of St. Lawrence. These and many other lovely bits entrance us until the call of the road rings out, and we embark for Bridgnorth, via North Cleobury.

At Bridgnorth, set high above the Severn, there are the fragments of another castle, sent to destruction in the seventeenth century by gunpowder. Its shattered walls and leaning Norman tower give ample testimony to the thorough job the explosive made of it. A wonderful view of the winding river is obtained from the ruins. There are black and white houses in the town, but, truth to tell, the beauties of Shrewsbury, Stokesay, and Ludlow have somewhat spoilt us for other examples of lesser beauty. That is the tragedy of the superlative.

We leave Bridgnorth by the Stourbridge road, following it mile by mile through Enville, with its racecourse, by Stourton, until we get to the cross roads where stands the "Stewponey Inn"; then we turn right into the Wolverhampton-Kidderminster road. We pursue this course through Whittington to Kidderminster.

Kidderminster is an old town on the verge of the Black Country. Possibly some of the carpet for which it is famous adorns our houses.

As a town, its appeal is distinctly industrial as opposed to aesthetic. We can but agree with a member of our party, who observed that she "would much prefer to *pass through* than to *live in it*."

We fall in with her wishes, and entering the road for Birmingham to our left, swiftly cover the 17½ miles via Hagley which completes our circular trip.



A bit of old Shrewsbury showing an example of the half-timbered houses which are scattered all over the town. The carving and geometrical design of the wood-work has been wonderfully preserved.

## S U S S E X — O N C E T H E I R O N M A R T O F E N G L A N D .

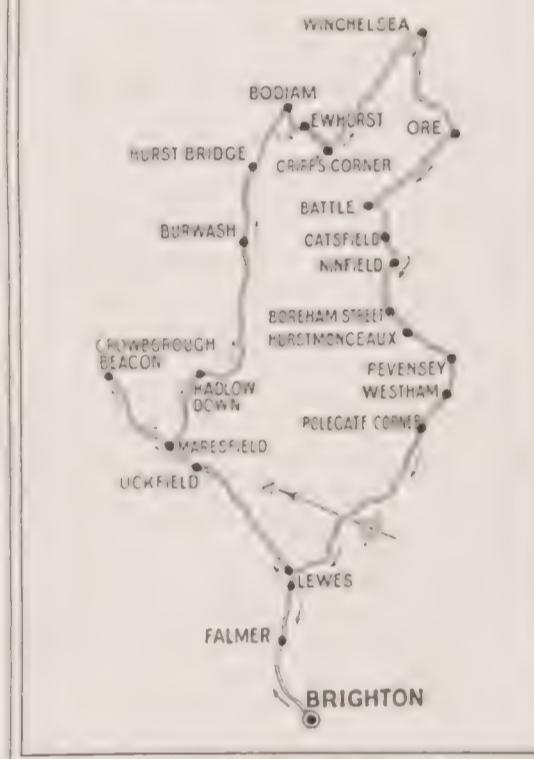
OUR last route lies along the Brighton-Lewes road, through the little village of Falmer. Through Lewes and over the switchback bridge and river, and one comes to the road for Uckfield on the left and running north. It is a pleasant way, with peeps of the Iron River on the left hand and several picturesque villages ere Uckfield is reached. Isfield, with the remains of Isfield Place, was once the home of the Shurleys, and the chapel is one of the most delightful spots in Sussex. There are monuments and brasses to the family, and the canopied altar tomb of Sir John Shurley, 1631, should be noted. The children depicted kneeling in a row at the foot, we are told quaintly in an inscription, "were called into Heaven and the others into several marriages of good quality."

Uckfield is a picturesque place, with the old and new welded into the present-day town, which need not detain one. The old stone house in front of the "King's Head" used to be the lock-up. The "Maiden's Head" is a good and pleasant inn.

The country round about is delightful, with beautiful landscapes of woods and meadows, cornfields and the brown ridges of the healthy hills which remind one of those round about Hindhead. At Uckfield one enters the rock district, and there are fine sandstone cliffs hereabouts. A little more than a mile takes one to Ringle's Cross, where the Maresfield road forks to the left. The little town has a small decorated church, with a Norman window in the nave, but not much else of interest. Formerly it was the centre of the "Black Country," when iron foundries were scattered thickly about this part of Sussex. In many local names, such as "The Foundry," the "Iron River" and "The Forge," one has left memories of this period, which reached its height of industrial activity about the third quarter of the seventeenth century. The last of the furnaces was shut down in 1828. It is difficult as one stands on the hills surrounding Crowborough Beacon, or in some forest glen, to realise that once this quiet, restful, and in a measure lonely part of the country was the iron mart of England. Cannon were once cast where there is now the silent stretch of woodland, and at Buxted, a mile or two eastward, lived in an old house

### ROUTE No. 3.

Brighton to Falmer (2½ miles), Lewes (1½), Uckfield (4½), Crowborough Beacon (3½), Hadlow Down (4½), Burwash (4½), Bodiam (4), Winchelsea (6), Battle (6½), Pevensey (5½), Lewes (9), back to Brighton (3½). Approximate total—55 miles.



An ancient and quaint Sussex iron milestone to be found on the roadside at Maresfield—forty-one miles from Bow Bells.

at the end of a path leading to the church one Ralph Hogge, who is said to have been the man that cast the first metal cannon in England in 1543.

One runs out to Crowborough Beacon, which is one of the great Sussex eminences set towards the east of beautiful Ashdown Forest. The road to Maresfield is one of magnificent views over hill and dale, and though the district of Crowborough has been much spoiled by the building of many villas, the panorama from the Beacon is still worth coming many miles to see on a fine day.

Back to Maresfield, getting by the reversal of one's view-point some beautiful prospects. One turns to the left at Coppers Green and takes the ascending road running eastward, and then on through lonely country to Hadlow Down. One is now in the district, before referred to, where once there was the roar of iron furnaces and the clang of the forges.

The road now turns sharply northward for a couple of miles, and then north-eastward to Mayfield, which stands on a hill on the verge of the Sussex hot hop area, of which Burwash is the centre. It is a delightful old village, very rich in old gabled and timbered houses. Coventry Patmore, the poet, said it possessed the sweetest village street in Sussex, and those who know the county well will be inclined to agree with him. The half-timbered "Middle House," dated 1575, is a most charming and picturesque survival from an age when every village possessed at least some beautiful houses.

There is a fine perpendicular church dedicated to St. Dunstan, and built on the site of the church erected by the saint, whose legend of his conflict with the devil is connected with the village. It has a raised chancel, with the roof composed of a former gallery. The choir stalls, screen, curious east window, and font should be noted; also the beautiful view from the churchyard. The old Palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury is now a convent, in the dining hall of which are preserved the hammer, tongs and anvil of St. Dunstan. The saint's well is in the garden.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Mayfield is somewhat Devonian in character, very beautiful and varied. One has to go back through the village nearly to the station, where the road runs on the left southward to Tower

## BATTLE ABBEY AND THE FAMOUS BATTLEFIELD.

Street Station. Here we once more get on the main road to Burwash, running to the left eastward, undulating and interesting in character.

Lots of romance hangs about Burwash, for in ancient days it was a noted haunt of smugglers, and now is the home of Rudyard Kipling, who lives in a charming old house with fine oak-panelled rooms, called "Batemans," set in a wooded valley. Over the doorway is the date stone—1634. His living in Sussex, at Rottingdean, first, has produced many stories into which the scenery of Sussex is woven, and a poem upon the county of his adoption is of the stuff of which imperishable verse is made. The church at Burwash is picturesquely situated amid trees, and has an early Norman tower, and a chancel which dates from the thirteenth century.

"The Bell," which stands opposite the church, should be visited. It is referred to in Kipling's "Hal o' the Draft." The rooms have the very odour as well as appearance of antiquity, and the fine old oak ceiling beams add to the impression of age. The house is certainly three centuries old, and the landlady is proud of the fact that it has been "in the family a century." One can get excellent Lamberhurst beer at the little low-ceiled bar, and the open chimney and spacious fireplace give a comfortable air to the smoking-room, on whose

hearth in winter a pile of beech logs is generally cheerfully blazing. The road goes now north-eastwards to Etchingham, the church of which is famous for its windows with their rich flamboyant tracery, staircase turret and massive square tower. The brasses of the Etchinghamhs of the past are noted. Our way goes on through the village and for two miles, until the main road to Hastings is reached. This is followed southwards to Silver Hill, thence along a by-road we go eastward past Bodiam to Ewhurst. Bodiam Castle stands serenely surrounded by its moat, looking as though its

history might have been exciting (which authorities say has not been the case), and defying time with its massive grey lichen-stained towers. It was founded by Sir Edward Dalyngruge, who fought at Cressy and Poictiers. It is now a mere shell; though its exterior is well preserved, the interior is in ruins. Ewhurst has little of interest save its pleasant situation.

The road now turns southward to Cripp's Corner, from whence it runs through pretty country to Udimore, whose church has a legend of the supernatural connected with it. Brede Place, a delightful fifteenth-sixteenth century house, lies off the main road, and is reached by a road running southward at Broad Oak. It is worth a diversion if time permits.

The main road can be rejoined, and Winchelsea is the next place of note. It is a decayed but interesting old town, laid out on so definite a plan that one wonders whether "town planning" was an art known to its builders. It stands on the top of a steep hill, and here, under an ash tree in the churchyard, John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon. The sea, which once made Winchelsea a great and prosperous port, long ago deserted it. The town gates, some of the fourteenth century, are the principal objects of interest. The cottage with the sloping mossy roof adjoining

Strand Gate was once the home of Ellen Terry.

The high road runs westward to Ore, with pleasant views over the marches. A turn to the right should be taken for Battle, the by-road running into the main road at Beauport. Battle Abbey, with its fine gateway, stands half-a-mile north of the battlefield where the destinies of England were settled on October 14th, 1066, on Telham Hill. The traditional site where Harold died was that of the high altar of the Abbey. Mount Street, Battle, is not without a quaint picturesqueness.

The way back to Brighton takes us through Catsfield; Ninfield, a clean-looking place on a hill above Pevensey Bay, with iron stocks by the roadside; Boreham Street, where the road turns southward to Hurstmonceaux. The castle, which lies in a hollow, is well worth seeing. It was built in the reign of Henry VI by Sir Roger de Fiennes. Once it was one of the greatest fortified dwellings in England. It is now a ruin, and in a recessed chamber behind the central arch of the drawbridge a ghostly drum is said to be heard sometimes playing, the supernatural drummer being set to guard buried treasure. The church is of great interest, and contains interesting brasses. Near it stands a fine fourteenth-century barn. The road southward to Pevensey is a good one, with fine views. Pevensey Castle is soon seen as it rises from the flats, the only considerable height for miles around. It is an imposing and romantic-looking ruin, once washed and surrounded by the sea. The castle stood many sieges, and witnessed much fighting. Now the village joins Westham, a pretty village to the westward, with a fine church, which was one of the first the Conqueror built, and portions of his original church are still serviceable.

The road lies straight to Polegate Corner, thence the high road takes us westward to Lewes, and so back to Brighton.



Bodiam Castle stands serenely surrounded by its moat, looking as though its history might have been an exciting one—but authorities state this is not the case.

A BUSINESS INVESTMENT—AND A PAYING ONE AT THAT!

## THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S CAR.

By *Sylvia Stevenson.*

*The term "lady driver's car" has surely come to stay.*

THE car as an adjunct to charm and a background to beauty, wherein Madame can pay her calls and take the air on a fine day, has long ago come into its own. So much so that the terms "pleasure car" and "lady driver's car" have become more or less synonymous. Nobody, apparently, has yet laid stress on the fact that women motorists are often working women, who buy their cars for the same reason as the business man buys his, viz., as a business investment, and a paying one at that.

The lady doctor, for instance nearly always owns a car. But does she allow herself to be dazzled by the dainty upholstery and silver-plated accessories so dear to the feminine heart? Certainly not, unless she has reached Harley Street rank, and can afford to dazzle her patients. When she is just an ordinary general practitioner she is content with an unassuming grey or buff coloured two-seater. But she denies herself many little luxuries to get that little car, because she knows that it will pay her ten times over. It saves her health. Whether her district is in town or country, there is not much joy about tramping, cycling or 'bussing from case to case, especially in bad weather or at night. That way chills come, and who could have the slightest faith in a medical adviser suffering from a cold in the head?

The little two-seater must have an all-weather body, of course, as protection ranks very high on the woman doctor's list of requirements. First of all, though, must come a really reliable engine, one that will stand up to its work through thick and thin, with the minimum of attention. For the busy owner driver has no time to spare for fussing over any ailments but those of her patients. When the practice will support a chauffeur, well and good. Until then a sound and simple engine, without "frills," is worth more than speed or refinements. Springing is a vitally important

item. Vibration and road shocks are not conducive to the steady nerves and coolness of mind which are so essential in the medical profession. A hasty, ill-considered diagnosis might well result from a previous jolting over potholes in a badly sprung car, just as a shaky hand often follows the steering of a heavy limousine, which is one reason why the light two-seater commends itself in this connection.

A self starter, too, is an absolute necessity, however light the car. A doctor who is forced to crank her own car under her patients' very windows has somehow lost caste. Maybe this should not be so. But I have only to picture this contingency, to realise at once that the said medico's bedside manner would henceforth fail to impress me.

The welfare worker has divergent duties, but her need of a car is as great as the doctor's. The women inspectors of factories, institutes, railway employees and the like—not forgetting the Government school inspectors—have jobs which are certainly not sinecures. A car can help them to do and see more in less time and with less fatigue than any other means of transport. Here again a reliable engine is worth more than gloss. A welfare worker who flaunted about in a crimson car with aluminium fittings would not find her popularity enhanced thereby.

The woman farmer, too, finds a car indispensable. She favours the "go anywhere" type, with a high ground clearance, so that she may negotiate rutted and ridged farm tracks with ease. Disc wheels are her choice, as mud can be washed off them by a simple application of the hose at the end of each day's work. On the same account, paintwork and appointments are kept simple. For visits to outlying parts of the estate, for attending sales in the neighbourhood, or for periodical visits to the market town, such a car surpasses the old-fashioned horse and trap, as the

modern reaping and binding machine surpasses the scythe.

The actress, from chorus lady to "lead," from member of the crowd to brightest movie star, looks to the car as the hall mark of her success, as the longed-for reward for early days of toil. It is worth more to her than many pearl necklaces and weekend cottages by the river. Once she owns a motor (or can afford to hire one, with a chauffeur in private livery), she feels she can sit back and let the rest of her career look after itself.

"Miss Tiptoes stepping out of her limousine at the Jollity," "Angel Tiptoes, the famous comedienne, arriving by road for Lord X's house party," "Angel at the Wheel of her Racing Two-seater," are headlines calculated to swell any box office receipts. But the limousine must be perfectly appointed, with just a little something that is not quite like everybody else's car—say, reversible upholstery to match different gowns, or a step board mat that unrolls itself into a strip of red carpet up to the door on alighting, in case the pavement happens to be muddy.

Similarly, the racing two-seater must look like a racer, with a low streamline body and shining torpedo bonnet. No matter that it has never seen Brooklands, and that the engine is incapable of developing more than 30 m.p.h. without busting itself—the bonnet is the thing. Reliability is, on the whole, a minor consideration. "Miss Tiptoes breaks down in Piccadilly," with an illustration showing a passing Cabinet Minister removing a plug, while an equally prominent sprig of nobility crawls underneath to examine the oil sump, has dramatic possibilities that are not to be despised.

On the other hand, such troubles must be absent when the fair owner is hurrying to be on time for her cue. The ideal would be to keep two cars—one for advertisement and the other for getting there.

## BROADCASTING BUSINESS BREVITIES.

### A Change of Directorship.

HERE has recently been a change in the directorate of Messrs. Isotta Fraschini (Great Britain), Ltd., 37, North Audley Street, W.1. Mr. F. C. Cottrell is now sole managing director, and Mr. C. A. Harrison has been appointed to the board as a director.

### A New Appointment.

Mr. Arthur Goodwin, of Messrs. C. A. Vandervell & Co., Ltd., the well-known firm of electrical engineers of Acton, has been appointed chairman of the Accessories and Components Manufacturers' Committee of the S.M.M.T. vice Mr. W. Peto, who has held this important position for the past four years.

### Where Business is Brisk!

It is cheering to know that Crossley cars are being regularly exported to Australia, where they are enjoying a steadily increasing demand. Among more recent purchasers are the Governor of New South Wales and Mr. H. L. Barnard, President of the Eastern Gold-fields Royal Automobile Club. There is little doubt but that the action of these two famous motorists will be emulated. Crossleys, of course, have their own depots, representatives and mechanical staff in Australia, as in most of our other colonies, and are able to give first-class service after purchase.

### A Good Water-softener.

Suitable for all household and other uses the Watson's water-softening apparatus is a most useful accessory to the house and the garage.

The mineral impurities in hard water are usually very injurious to whatever they come into contact with—the inside of household utensils, boilers, radiators—almost everything in the way of water containers. Moreover, it is admittedly injurious to the skin. This simple apparatus, with nothing to get out of order, no chemicals required, occupying a small space only, is an easy solution to many "hard water" difficulties. Try it—for drinking purposes, for your car radiator, for washing or shaving—you will notice many improvements generally. The price of the smaller type illustrated is two guineas. The makers are Tinkers, Ltd., 20, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

### The Royal Tour.

It is interesting to note that Crossley cars are being supplied as the official cars for the use of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales and staff throughout the forthcoming South African tour.

It will be remembered that a fleet of Crossley cars were

the only official cars used throughout the Prince's Australian tour in 1919-20, and again during the great Indian tour in 1921-22.

In addition, a fleet of Wolseley cars have been ordered by the Crown Agents for the use of the Prince of Wales and his staff during his tour of Sierra Leone and Gambia, West Africa. The model chosen is the Wolseley 16/35 h.p. touring car—a replica of the one on which Major Forbes Leith made his famous eight thousand miles journey to India—a very suitable choice indeed for the heavy work entailed by Colonial conditions. Furthermore, by arrangement with the Government of the Union of South Africa, National Benzole Mixture will be exclusively used throughout the tour.

### "Motor-car Overhaul and Adjustment."

"Motor-car Overhaul and Adjustment" is another new addition (just published) to Cassell & Co.'s series of practical and well illustrated "Amateur Mechanic and Work" handbooks, the price of which is 1s. 6d. net.

This work covers the whole ground, from taking down and decarbonising the engine to overhauling the electric lighting and starting system, vulcanising and repairing tyres, and painting and varnishing the body. The illustrations show exactly how everything is done.

### A New London Garage.

Accommodation for eight hundred cars, garaged in herring-bone fashion so that any car, at any time, can be easily and quickly driven away; a lift enabling two cars at the same time to be raised or lowered from floor to floor; and special low-charge arrangements for theatre time

garaging—these are only a few of the many efficient garage service items of the new Shaw & Kilburn garage formally opened in Wardour Street, London, W.1, on March 2nd last. The opening was attended by a large gathering of leading motorists and prominent members of the Press, all of whom agreed that this new venture fulfils a long-felt want and deserves every success.

### "Motor Driving Made Easy."

Many buyers of cars who do not understand the mechanism are inclined to feel rather frightened at the thought of having to master so many details before they can acquire enough confidence to drive the vehicle themselves.

The author of "Motor Driving Made Easy" (the third edition of which has just been published by Iliffe & Sons, Ltd., Dorset House, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4, price 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 8d.) holds the opinion that efficiency in driving and managing a car can be acquired without the drudgery of learning all about the car in advance.

His method is clearly set out in this handbook, in which the principle is followed of teaching the driving pupil one thing at a time, beginning with that which is easy and advancing by gradual steps to that which is more difficult of mastery.

To summarise the method adopted, the learner is first of all shown how to steer a car and then given instructions in the use of the throttle, clutch, brakes, and change speed gear, and how to start the engine. This is followed by advice on such subjects as replenishing the car with oil and fuel, tyre changing, and roadside troubles. The advanced lesson deals with

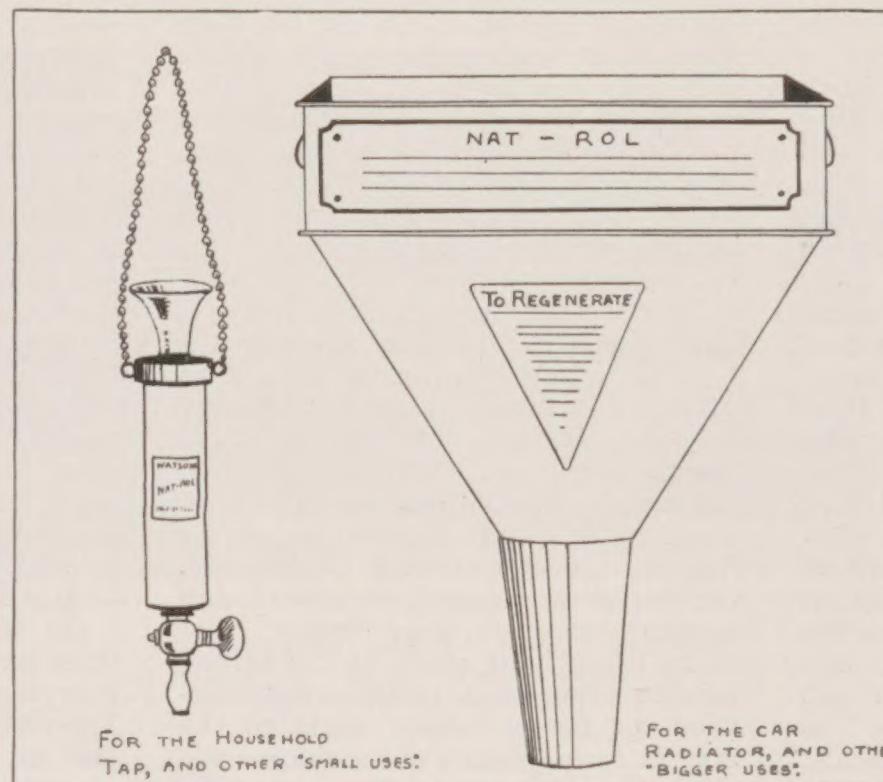
the control of the car on greasy or frozen roads and in thick traffic; how to take dangerous corners; reversing into and out of awkward garages, and so on. The technical features are then described.

### A London Theatre and Garage Map.

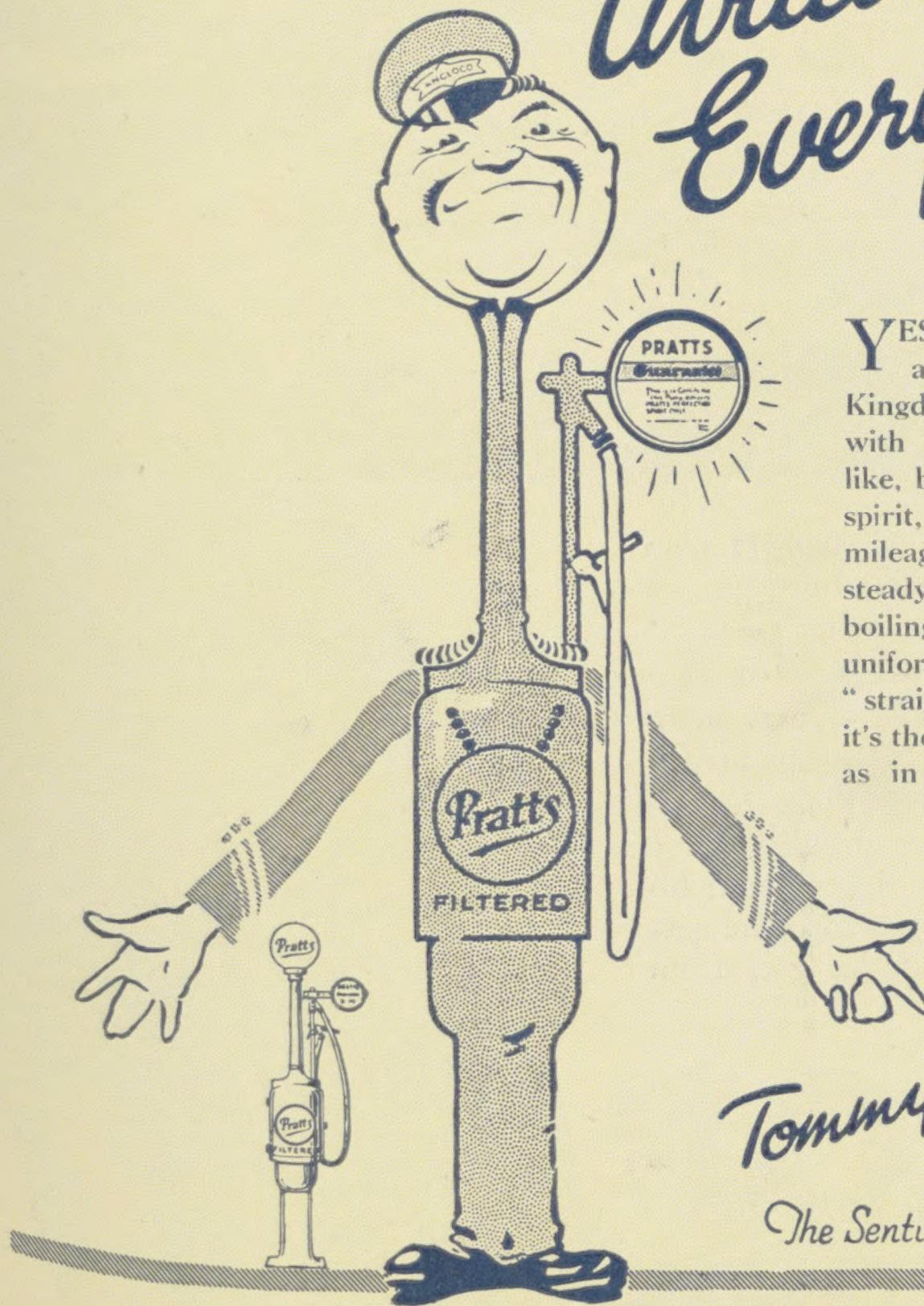
The Automobile Association has prepared a map showing the location of the London theatres and garages convenient for motorists using their cars for theatre journeys, which will enable the garage nearest to a given theatre to be quickly found.

Accompanying the map is a booklet, setting out the police regulations for preventing obstruction in the neighbourhood of theatres.

Copies of the map and the booklet may be obtained by application to The Automobile Association, Fanum House, London, W.1.



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